

From The Christian Remembrancer.

A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq. from 1831 to 1847. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

WE are sometimes disposed to wonder that more people do not keep journals, with a view to their subsequent publication, as a humble and tolerably obvious mode of securing a little posthumous fame, or, at least, of preserving their memory from the instant oblivion which swallows up most names when the grave closes over their owners. So few things seem requisite to fulfil the task creditably. A man need not be a doer nor a writer of great things, nor a deep thinker; he need not have office or personal distinction to make a good journalist: indeed, to judge by all who have excelled in the art, eminence of any kind would merely stand in the way of success. It needs a subordinate position to put the mind in a fitting deferential attitude for the work, which is, simply, noting down, with fidelity, what other people do, and say, and think, who come in contact with the writer, or who in any way fall under his observation. His task is to make a chronicle of his own personal connexion and intercourse with the society in which he moves; which, if faithfully recorded, must surely furnish the next generation with an interesting and useful history. Why, then, if it is such a matter-of-fact, straightforward work, are we not all journalists, securing for ourselves, at this easy rate, a second life in the hearts, or, at least, the knowledge, of our posterity? We believe, because journal-keeping is an affair of temperament rather than of intellect. It requires an exact balance of opposite qualities; a combination—so to say—of industry and idleness, of habits of application and punctuality with a love of leisure, very rarely to be met with.

Persons of settled stated employments, which fill up their day, have no inclination, when the day is over, to go over the ground again; and, moreover, what have they to tell? Busy lives, though it seems a paradox, are generally least productive of daily records. We all know that it is our holiday-

time, or moments of relaxation, our intercourse with friends or acquaintance, which supply our topics of conversation; not our work. And so it is with journals: a simple record of plodding work or duty-talk nobody wants to read. People must come in contact with others; and that not in the way of business,—not with a sense of a day's work before them, to which every interruption is a hindrance—but with the easy feeling of leisure which welcomes and brings the powers of the mind to bear upon every casual encounter, as food for thought, amusement, or curiosity, to produce a good page at the end of the day. It is certainly not difficult to find men who depend on chance for their business, their interests, their ideas; who wake every morning without any other plan for the day than to make one of some concourse, to follow in somebody's wake; to be first to hear whatever is to be heard, foremost to see whatever is to be seen; eager only to trace out the news of each day, and then spread the grateful stream of intelligence far and wide. These men every town, every street, every club, every news-room furnishes in abundance; and they have their uses, as circulating mediums, as keeping up a certain freshening current, which preserves the plodders of the community from stagnation. But such men are not disposed to sit down alone every evening at their desks, and commit the history of these desultory days to posterity,—to indite sentence after sentence beginning "Met so and so, who said,"—"Saw such an one at the club, who reports"—"Dined at Brown's, where Jones said this good thing,"—"Sat by Mrs. Smith, who whispered to me *that* marriage on the tapis,"—"Heard of one old friend taken in a fit; of another acquaintance given over; of such a hostile meeting yesterday,"—however curious or illustrative of the times, and therefore deserving of record, the matter thus introduced really is. Talkers and writers are generally distinct classes; and it would be hard work to the loungers and gossipers to recapitulate it all on paper;—so hard that they would very soon pronounce it waste of

time, as all work seems to idle people; though if they did, we think they could not help producing a work of some value.

But there is one condition which will both save these details from the charge of triviality and supply the stimulus necessary to keep up a continuous labor. The class of men we have described, as dependent on others for their estimate of every event or circumstance, are peculiar lovers of rank. No *habitué* of places of public resort can help being influenced by the one standard of distinction and wealth. Not as a slavish sentiment, but on merely personal interested grounds. He finds himself better listened to and more considered if he tells what the great man thinks, than the small: the same ideas and expressions are of vastly more value and importance to others from titled lips, than from those of the commonality. He therefore seeks and courts these noble confidences; the pursuit becomes pleasant for its own sake; and the dear satisfaction grows upon him, of dwelling on great names, till the notion creeps in of prolonging the agreeable sensation by noting down and giving a permanence to these privileged communications, as a double duty,—to self, and to the world.

These remarks apply mainly to one form of journal,—the most instructive of the whole class as an historical record,—that which describes society. For the gossip, anecdote, and small talk of a past generation—harmonized into a general coloring by distance, removed from all the fret and jealousy of personal collision, and dispassionately considered—constitute a valuable branch of its history. Great principles can be proved—great social, political, and religious questions can be elucidated—by a faithful picture of the every-day life of any period; and thus interests, which are really trivial, really petty, really narrowing if allowed to absorb the thoughts as they transpire, may enlarge the mind and extend the sphere of observation when removed to a sufficient distance to be viewed in their general bearings. For the reason above suggested, and for others as obvious, such records are too generally of the higher circles of society; the middle classes—with their steady virtues, homely trials, and less brilliant career—do not offer the same temptation to the annalist. It would also need more literary skill, more tenderness, more pathos, more heart, to ex-

cite the interest of the reader; but the task successfully accomplished, would be of indefinitely more value.

It should always be remembered, that every journal, however faithfully it reflects the time, more faithfully reflects the writer. Modern thinkers are fond of saying, that the eyes does not see all that passes before it but only that which it has the power to see; and a man's observation is certainly mainly confined to those subjects and objects that interest him, so that the society he describes will pretty surely be a reflection of himself; but this matters little to the reader, for he still has before him an epitome of one aspect of the life of a given period—one of its characteristic creations which could not have been, but for a certain general condition of morals, habits and modes of thought. All men in Charles the Second's time were not engrossed with their fine clothes; but Pepys could not have lived but in a gaudy, dressy, frivolous, pleasure-seeking, dissipated age. So Horace Walpole is at once the portrait and the painter of his own time. There were good Christians amongst his acquaintances, but himself, keen, cold, heartless, trifling, he shows the sneering sceptical animus which pervaded the fashionable world of England, especially before the French revolution. Boswell, anomalous as he is, was yet a production of his own age, when great men and great intellects had their followers, satellites, clients, hanging on their steps, catching the words that dropped from their lips, maintaining an attitude of subservience, implicit deference and attention, which simply could not be in our days. In our own early recollections, such memorials as Leigh Hunt's, while they show a malignant and envious temper in the man, betray a habit of petty malice and suspicious jealousy in the school of which Byron was the head, and of the society in which they were teachers; and no doubt whatever records are being kept of this present current time will show to our children or grandchildren just as clearly what were the leading errors of this very year and day. Points on which no one can decide accurately now will be clear then; and more especially will the *meannesses*, the inferior, low, unworthy motives and impulses which actuate the society of which we form a part, of which we are either ignorant or only faintly suspicious, stand out clear against us: for in

this we suspect the diaries of every age are unanimous—in showing the *worst* features of the period they commemorate; not at all by design, but unconsciously. Unintentionally all the bad comes out—rises, as it were, to the surface. Every social sore is uncovered, and made to occupy a much more prominent place in our eyes than it did while the evil was actively at work, and infecting the mass. All the heroism, all the patriotism, all the sentiment, and too often all the respectability of an age, is eliminated in this invidious process of peeping behind the scenes, and showing up the actors; so that it needs to be on our guard, and, by drawing a running analogy with our own experience, to temper the severity of the representation.

These reflections are suggested by the four volumes of the Journal of Thomas Raikes, Esq., which lie before us. In the portrait which graces the outer leaf, we recognize one of the men we have attempted to describe as the received circulators of intelligence. Stiff, well-dressed, portly, closely-shaven, hatted, and gloved, we see him as the privileged world was, no doubt, in the habit of seeing him, as he set forth each day on the business of his life,—to see his friends and talk; to hear the news; to spread it; to win the coveted reputation of being *au courant* of every thing worth hearing, in the only circle worth knowing. And certainly he must have been beyond most men fortunate in the sources of his information: for whereas innumerable noblemen, dukes, princes of the blood, ambassadors, and courtiers received their intelligence of what was going on from plain Mr. Raikes, he never seems to have gained his own impressions or knowledge of facts from any but titled lips, —and these not new creations, law lords, and such questionable and debateable greatness, but the true, ancient nobility of the land, men of large estates, historical names, and hereditary statesmanship; who clearly, one and all, found something very attractive in his society, held him in their confidence, and enjoyed a gossip with him. The secret of this attraction is not revealed by the Journal; though we fully believe in its existence, and give Mr. Raikes credit for perfect accuracy and good faith in every conversation he records. But there is nothing in his style to lead the reader to suppose any charm of conversation or grace of manner. Nothing

can well be drier than his tone of narrative. Our impressions as we first read, are decidedly unfavorable both to head and heart. We feel to be pouring over a file of old newspapers; the politics, the news, the casualties,—all have the same party, unsympathizing character. We look on a mind, certainly honest in its way, but warped from early life; seeing only as the world sees; judging strictly as the world judges; a slave of fashion, who never has a moment's misgiving of the bondage; a politician without patriotism, and whose sympathies are wholly confined to party. We discern a nature free from generous impulses, with no bursts of feeling, no gleam of fancy, no kindling of poetry, romance, devotion; no refined curiosity; no felicity of thought or expression; no independent pursuit or view of life; no peculiar tastes or habits of thought; no characteristics that we can see; a mere type of the man of the world,—the man of the clubs,—whose highest aspiration is to know every body worth knowing, to be familiar with the great, to make himself acceptable to them, to share their interests, to dine with the best company, and to be able always to play his part with ease and credit. We have no doubt that his success in all these points was due to his simple devotion to them. His worship of rank was heartfelt, and in a manner disinterested; and this would impart a genuineness to his adulation—if, indeed, we need use so invidious a word—that would no doubt, make his society acceptable to its possessors. He had, besides, a head for a particular class of politics—the intrigues of court, the working of parties, the machinery by which men win power: all quite separate pursuits from the true science of government, which implies a range of knowledge over which his vision never for one instant soared; but which needs a good share of sharpness and experience of men. In all the chicanery of politics, he finds himself at home; in dodging Louis Philippe through all his manœuvring, he shows intelligence and expresses quite well what he means. His pen gets along with ease, if not with grace, in anecdote and narrative; so that we can believe, under the stimulus of society, he might relate them with success, and know the right thing to tell at the right moment. But it is quite curious to observe how his genius deserts him under the new weight and

difficulty of an abstract idea. In every attempt at uncongenial speculation he flounders and blunders: he has not language to express a noble thought or religious sentiment; he uses wrong words, like an uneducated person; and shows altogether, in these occasional flights, an obtuseness and ignorance, and want of cultivation of the intellect, at which we can only marvel.

There is nothing to make us suppose that Mr. Raikes was otherwise than most respectable in conduct. His wide toleration of other men's failings need not arise from sympathy in their vices, beyond that indulgence which he had always ready for the practices of fashionable people. We have, indeed, a good deal of moralizing on the crimes of society,—especially over their consequences; and considerable severity towards those errors which did not fall in with the habits of the day, or of his own set. But in these things there is no exercise of a private judgment,—no appeal to his own conscience from the world's decision. His code is precisely regulated by the formula of society: his contempt, respect, approbation, are in strict obedience to its rules: so much so, that we do not remember any censure so heartily expressed as on Mr. Hume, for refusing a challenge, while he yet allowed himself perfect liberty of censure and vituperation. A man of fashion may break every law of the Decalogue; may be an atheist, duellist, profligate; may systematically prey on others for a living; be gambler, detractor, covetous; and yet, if he have social qualities—if his vices are fashionable vices, only a little in advance of his set—if they are not committed upon this same select circle, but upon the outer and inferior world, he glosses them over: they are not his affair; they do not prevent the man being extremely well bred, and excellent company; and it is ten to one that the balance of praise is on his side. But while he is thus moderate in tone towards what ought to excite indignation and contempt; while these dark hues are softened and paled under his lenient pencil, we observe, on the other hand, that whatever Mr. Raikes, in principle, ought to extol and value,—what it was the object of his life, so far as it had one, to maintain,—has, by his peculiar mode of handling, all the glory, prestige, and *shine* taken out of it. His Toryism is without loyalty, his kings without

majesty, his princes without dignity, his courts without polish, his fashion without elegance. He upholds the aristocracy, but proves its members selfish; he worships grace of manner, yet shows it compatible with a vulgar and sordid soul; he contends for old institutions, yet betrays their rottenness. This, we need not say, is done wholly unconsciously and without design. It is partly owing to the want of imagination,—that faculty which sees the idea of a grand thought or institution clear and unimpaired beneath the disfigurements of time or abuse,—and partly from the reason already touched on, that this mode of composition shows things piecemeal, and with all their blot and rents exposed. For whatever reason, the book ought to act as a disenchantment to all who have unnatural cravings after mere fashion and what is called, pre-eminently, society. The early volumes especially recall to our recollection the frenzy that once prevailed after style and fashion—the mere frippery appendage to solid rank and influence. The world has taken up other fancies since then, which have modified this insane *furor*, and we must rejoice at the change; for really it was the lowest form of imitation,—the weakest of ambitions; as it admired and aimed at a distinction which was without the pretence of virtue, or worth, or superiority of any kind, except in the merest externals.

Mr. Raikes's Journal gives us a peep into that society which used to be the forbidden, unattainable paradise of so many foolish imaginations; and thus furnishes ample food for moralizing. The manners, the habits, the amusements of exclusive fashionable society, are, like fashions themselves, only admirable the instant they are in vogue. It is curious to observe how those airs and graces which do attract at the time when they are in the ascendant and masters of the hour, and which induce a sense of failure,—of a certain deficiency,—in those who have not acquired the trick of them; which have then a brilliancy, a point, a charm, a finish, which realize our notion of an accomplishment;—how these fade into vapidness;—how mean, trifling, and puerile they look when their day is over, when we contemplate them as a past ephemeral affectation, as shown up by some hand which attempts to arrest a passing conceit, to give permanence to a freak of the day, to write down a mode. We do not, of

course, touch here upon the manners of really good society—manners which approve themselves to our judgment as good at all times, from the Patriarchs' to our own, because they indicate that natural elevation which education, rank, and position give to the best natures, investing them with dignity and graciousness, and a constant sense of the claims of others. But what fatuity we see now in the superciliousness which certainly had power to wound at the time,—what flatness in the insolence which sounded like wit when it was spoken or quoted,—what recklessness, besotted contempt of the true purposes of existence, we trace now in the more prominent leaders of *ton*, which then did not strike so forcibly, while gilded with the little equivalent of present success,—what narrow range in those powers which were thought highly of once,—what servile dependence on the will and opinion of others, in those who assumed, in their day, to be the sources of influence:—what cowardice lurked under the mask of that impertinence which brow-beat the world,—what infinite smallnesses transpire in those pretenders who were allowed to look down on all the world in their brief reign,—in short, what gew-gaw, and sham, and vulgar assumption, the whole artificial system of a school of manners looks when its day is over! After all, there is this excuse for men's different modes of viewing these fantastic doings, when in and out of fashion—that they cannot believe influence may be won without some foundation of solid qualities: they will suppose there is a background of real powers, or worth, or refinement, till time shows them their mistake; that the idol is, like all other idols, all outside: the farther you penetrate, the more worthless what you find.

When we read in Mr. Raikes' of "Beau Brummell" and the society he ruled, it seems to us that we must have learnt a little wisdom since then. But we are probably mistaken. It is more likely that each age has its own peculiar folly, that is not seen in its true light till recorded for the benefit of posterity by some painstaking biographer, possessed with the worth of his subject, and sympathizing in a certain degree even where he is obliged to condemn. We see this in the past. We can point out, ever since society had its historians, what were the eccen-

tricities of each age, and can hardly pronounce one better than another; therefore we must be humble for ourselves, and not trust to a fancied immunity from popular delusions.

But, to enter more closely on our subject. It is no good fortune to any party to have such men as Mr. Raikes for its exponents: men engaged in its workings rather than its principles,—who take all the inferior motives as a matter of course. He happened to be a Tory; we therefore see Toryism denuded of all its poetry, and not a little of its patriotism. All we can say is, that had he been a Whig, we should then have seen Whiggery at its lowest. The Journal begins in 1832, with the passing of the Reform Bill, which his party sincerely regarded as the setting of England's sun. "From this day," he says, "dates a new era in England;" the past from that time assumed to him a tenderer aspect; a broad line separated its glories from present degeneracy. He never gives his opponents credit for a sentiment of patriotism. The whole change "was caused by an unprincipled set of men to keep themselves in place." He declares the country on the eve of a revolution, and "will go to his grave with the conviction that a virulent party spirit, and not one iota of patriotism or public feeling, has produced the change." Talleyrand is quoted on all hands for pronouncing that the country will gradually go to ruin. Croker foretells national bankruptcy. These were the current Tory sentiments of the time. We do not wonder that Mr. Raikes shares them. But we think that such men show where the error of these predictions lay—in a real ignorance of the British character. Mr. Raikes always regards the popular outbreaks in some crisis of affairs as the normal temper of the nation. He calls the people, as such, hard names. When he speaks of England's greatness, he means simply its aristocracy, and quotes with satisfaction the words of a friend, that the aristocratic element lies at the root of all its excellence. All sympathy with the masses is with him the merest clap-trap and humbug. But, while he sets the Whigs down in this summary fashion, he exhibits his own party as influenced by no higher motives than the very natural, but not distinctively patriotic ones, of holding their own. They

are so much the people in their own—or, rather, in Mr. Raikes' eyes—that the interests of the community meet with little consideration.

"Tuesday, 12th.—I do not think that in all my experience I ever remember such a season in London as this has been; so little gaiety, so few dinners, balls, and *fêtes*. The political dissensions have undermined society, and produced coolnesses between so many of the highest families; and between even near relations, who have taken opposite views of the question. Independent of this feeling, the Tory party—whose apprehensions for the future are most desponding, who think that a complete revolution is near at hand, and that property must every day become less secure—are glad to retrench their usual expences, and are beginning by economy to lay by a *boire pour la soif*. Those who have money at command, are buying funds in America or in Denmark, which they think less exposed to political changes. Those who have only income are reduced to retrench; but all seem impressed with the idea that they cannot long depend on their present prosperity: and these very means of precaution may tend to accelerate the crisis, if such there is."—Vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

A note adds, that the Marquis of Hertford invested £300,000 or £400,000 in American Stock, which was all repudiated. We gather that it is he, too, who secured for himself a "clean shirt and a valet" in the funds of every country in Europe. The Duke of Bedford on his death-bed earnestly exhorts his son to bring up the heir to the title with "*care and attention*." "We now live," said he, "in times when his brilliant prospects may be changed, and no one knows how soon he may be reduced to live by his own exertions." The *naïve* simplicity of this dying counsel does not seem to strike Mr. Raikes; he writes it as a valuable comment on the evil times which gave birth to such precautions, as if our hereditary legislators might be brought up anyhow, and care and attention only bestowed on those who had to look after private interests. Of course the new House of Commons was very little to Mr. Raikes' mind. He quotes with satisfaction an ill-bred and not very brilliant joke of "Holmes:"—

"When Mr. Morrison, the member for Leicester, who, being a haber-dasher, had made himself conspicuous by a speech on the foreign glove question, came up to him,

and asked him if he could get him a *pair* for the evening: 'Of what,' said Holmes, 'gloves or stockings?'"—Vol. i. pp. 11, 12.

The reader can neither see the absurdity of Mr. Morrison speaking on a subject he understood, nor yet the danger to the nation of there being some members in the House conversant with details which must be brought before its consideration.

The fears of the defeated party, began, however, to subside with time. We do not wonder at nor blame them for their panic; only experience can show how absolutely the character of a people influences its laws. They did not do justice to the stamina of the nation, and certainly they did not sympathize with the nation as a whole. The notion of keeping down a certain portion of it as necessary to the safety of the whole, was too much a part of their system; but they had high aims and a patriotic spirit, which it was not in Mr. Raikes to give expression to. As a sign of returning spirit, the Carlton Club is founded, and Mr. Raikes invited to join it. He describes successful dinners, and soon records the valuable acquisition of a French cook, glorious in all the laurels his art can bestow.

"They have hired a French cook for the Carlton Club from Paris, who lived formerly with the Duc d'Escars, *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII., and who probably made that famous *paté de saucissons* which killed his master. It was served at breakfast at the Tuileries to the king, who with the duke partook so voraciously of it, that the former was attacked with a dangerous fit of indigestion, from which he with difficulty recovered, and the latter absolutely died from the excess on the following day. One of the French journals, remarkable for its *factious*, announced the event in the following terms: 'Hier sa Majesté très Chrétienne, a été attaquée d'une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort le lendemain.'"—Vol. i. p. 141.

Lord Hertford, too, in spite of his forebodings, gives dinners; but nearer dangers interfered with their success. The cholera was raging. *Entrées* and champagne, ices and fruit, were all discarded for simpler fare. This new apprehension for the time drove out the old: it was shared by all classes alike. The set at Crockford's were startled and electrified as one distinguished name after another fell victim. Rothschild refused to advance money, not knowing, as he told his applicant, but he might be dead to-mor-

row; and, whether stricken by the evil prognostic or not, the poor man was dead the following day.

With the new régime, *parvenus* begin to show themselves—that class so odious to those who find themselves more by good fortune than by right, within the privileged circle. He complains of “our new levelling system;” quotes with complacency a letter from D’Orsay, satirizing the new aspect of London,—the new fortunes which do not know how to spend, the new faces filling the windows of the Clubs and seen in public assemblies, belonging to people of no discernment, who inflict on him the *desolation*, if by chance he says a *bêtise*, of commending it amongst his most spiritual efforts; fondly contrasting these blunders with the refined appreciation of his friend, “to whom he had always done justice.” In connection with this subject, Mr. Raikes thus theorises on vulgarity as a quality not inherent in any nature, but developed by collision of classes; it follows a comparison of English and French manners.

“In England vulgarity is a modern monster, full grown, full fed, and dressed, and therefore more hideous than in its native deformity; it is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence: it has its colors, classes, and odors, like aristocracies, and our nice sense of difference and distinction in the one corresponds pretty nearly with those of the other. Of old, our strainings for gentility were few; we gave it up to our neighbors, battled and brawled about our liberties, and called them courtiers and slaves.

“This would do no longer, when we met them after peace; they had got our liberties and laws, and we thought we must get their manners. It, however, was not so much an affair of rivalry with them, as of self-defence for ourselves. New glories and wealth had been showered down upon us. The wheel of fortune had taken such jerks, that dirt was flinging up as dignity was flinging down, and therefore a new school of manners became necessary. Here gentility and vulgarity got their distinct tickets and labels, and in calling our friend a ‘gentlemanly man,’ we summed up his entire character. This, however, had nothing to do with Chesterfield. Politeness is of two kinds, moral and mechanical; the one mere friction externally, the other an internal sentiment. True politeness partakes of both, and seeks to make others as easy as itself. How could this be, when circles were all clashing, when each sought its own exclusiveness, and when the

art of ingeniously cutting was the art of ingeniously tormenting?”—Vol. ii. pp. 160, 161.

No wonder that he fondly recalls the days of refinement till we could almost share his regrets, but that all his models of manners do seem to have been so singularly wanting in the proper feelings of a gentleman, that our faith in the whole thing vanishes. Take, for example, Lord Cholmondeley, friend of George the Fourth,—held up as a sample of that high-bred politeness which vanished with the passing of the Reform Bill,—the feudal state of whose dinners is dwelt on with such tender regret. He was a sordid gambler, and won three or four hundred thousand pounds by systematic successful play; and, besides, had such a knack of self-appropriation as to be always making out a claim on other people’s estates, so that Mr. Coke, of Holkham, wrote to him ‘that, wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive as an indemnity.’ Talleyrand we find described as one of the last of that great school of politeness and social eminence, which is now nearly if not quite extinct. One “high-bred” gentleman, whose loss he will long deplore—“One of the few remaining with a tincture of the old school, which is almost extinct”—is a determined atheist, and dies in his unbelief. Another friend, by his high sense of honor and religious principle, is brought into the following delicate dilemma:

“I have lost an old and intimate friend this week in poor Charles H. Bouverie, who died of a paralytic affection. He was the son of Mr. and Lady Bridget Bouverie, by whom he was left a large fortune and the property of Betchworth in Surrey. It all melted like snow before the sun at the gaming-table, and for the last ten years he has had little more than a pittance of £300 a year to live on. With the exception of this one fatal propensity, for which he so dearly paid in his lifetime, never was there a more sterling, honorable, and high-minded character: of him it might be said, that his word was better than his bond. In the course of his pecuniary distresses at one time, he wished to sell some property in Kent, which, though he was unmarried, was still entailed on any lawful issue he might have. He found

a purchaser for it in Mr. Thornhill, who took no other security than his verbal promise that he would never marry. He was also a man of strong religious feelings, though weak in practice, like many others; and well do I know the subsequent pain which this bond entailed upon him when serious scruples urged him to legalize his long-standing connection with the mother of his children. To me he has often confessed, with bitter anguish, how more severely than any other he lamented this last consequence of past imprudence."—Vol. ii. pp. 372, 373.

Then, not to dwell on "the refinement of that fop, Beau Lascelles, we have Brummell described at great length: "the most gentleman-like and agreeable of companions, with his well-bred tincture of the old school, which has since declined, who gave a tone to the manners of the young men of his day." The favorite of the men,—the idol of the ladies,—the absolute leader of fashion. We are not left to mere description in his case, but are allowed to judge for ourselves of his peculiar charm. Take the following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Raikes:

"At times he would write in better spirits, and the following later extract will very much remind his old friends of his usual style of conversation in society:

"I hear you meditate a *petite domicile* at Paris for your children; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the "Woodpecker" upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents; you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms."—Vol. ii. pp. 214, 215.

Very indifferent wit and feeling this sounds in our ears; surely we have mended in refinement of style since this coarse strain of disparagement was thought the best taste. We are shown, too, the Prince of Wales, the cynosure of the betting-ground:

"In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the

year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North to run at these races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The 'legs' and betterers, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their betting books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration; at last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, 'Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?' Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, 'I'll take three to one about "Sir Solomon,"' the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd:—I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person."—Vol. ii. pp. 379, 380.

The gambling of that day is one of its most distinctive features, and therefore these pages teem with anecdotes of its fatal fascination. There is the Watier Club, over which Brummell presided, and where our author himself owns to have sometimes played till five in the morning. Watier was "a superlative cook," hired to be master of the revels. His dinners became so *recherchés* that all the world of fashion became members.

"The most luxurious dinners were furnished at any price, as the deep play at night rendered all charges a matter of indifference. Macao was the constant game, and thousands passed from one to another with as much facility as marbles.

"Brummell was the supreme dictator, 'their club's perpetual president,' laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes, for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronised the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had, as I have before said, great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how, for he never lost back more than a fourth of it before he levanted to Calais. During the

height of his prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's, and finding the Macao table full one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habit of play, but having dined freely had dropped into the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of Fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and adding to the £10 in counters which Tom had before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1,500. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him, 'There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.' I mention the anecdote as characteristic of the times, the set, and of a spirit of liberality in Brummell, which with all his faults he possessed, and which was shown towards an old friend in a way that left no pretext for refusal."—Vol. iii. pp. 85, 86.

Few of the members reached the average age of man; most were irretrievably ruined; not one but looked back to it as the source of life-long embarrassment: but all this wanton recklessness of extravagance and mere desperation is partly redeemed in our journalist's eyes by being acted out in the spirit he sighs after, if acted out with perfect good breeding, good humor, and a high sense of honor. In spite of himself, however, his book is admonitory, and leaves perhaps a stronger impression than any formal treatise against gambling as a vice. We are told that the best whist-player, and also deepest gambler of his day, died in needy circumstances, after having retrieved his affairs several times, and once made a fortune from £5 of borrowed money. We hear of the Duc de T—, no doubt brother of Prince Talleyrand (for these mysterious blanks are interspersed with very little real concealment and no judgment throughout the volumes), who nightly frequented the hazard table, and invariably retired to the fireplace, before he began to play, to say a little prayer for success behind his hand. We read of another victim of this passion, who lived steadily to the age of forty-five, and took good care of his fortune of £80,000, till passing through Paris on his way to Italy, after the peace, he was induced one night to go to the *salon* (frequented, it is consolatory to think, by the best society), and there sat down to play.

He lost and won, and lost again; and stayed on so for years, never quitting that table till he had lost every shilling; indeed, not then; for he haunted the scene of his folly like a spectre, when supported by a small maintenance from his brother. We are told of the infatuation of Charles Fox, who could appreciate worthier excitements, and yet pronounced this the highest; and was often heard to say that the "greatest pleasure in life was winning at hazard, and the next approaching to it was losing at hazard." It ought to satisfy those whose lot is compulsory exercise of head or hand in some fixed vocation, that such delusion as this is so constantly the consequence of leisure and easy circumstances. Indeed, it is as a record of wasted privileges, and what we are accustomed to consider advantages of every sort recklessly thrown away or misapplied, that the main value of these volumes consists. The thoughtful reader, of another class, must rest satisfied, after their perusal, that it is after all better to find troubles inherent in our lot than to make them for ourselves; and, strange to say, people will have them almost by an act of volition, if they do not come of themselves.

One of Mr. Raikes's fondest and proudest recollections is his intimacy with the Duke and Duchess of York. Oatlands was the court of this reckless, dissipated, high-bred set. When times go ill with him, and the current day offers little pleasant or well-sounding to note down, his mind returns to these halcyon days:

"Having nothing for my diary, I fall back on my recollections of the past; and no subject recurs to my mind so readily as that of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, who died about this time six years ago. What reminiscences are attached to that name! His agreeable dinners in the Stable-yard, St. James's, and constant hospitality at Oatlands, must always be recollected with pleasure, though past, and never to return. The *entourage* of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York was indeed a little court, but blended with all the ease and comfort of private life. It was perhaps a rare circumstance to see, on one hand, the uniform kindness and condescension of this amiable prince and princess to all around them, and, on the other, the unceasing respect, and I may say affectionate deference, which even in the gayest moments (and no

house was more gay) constantly pervaded the manners and conduct of every individual in that society; more particularly as the men who composed it, generally speaking, were at that time rather spoiled by the world, living on terms of the greatest familiarity with each other, and perhaps distinguished by a more *bruyant ton* among themselves than the young men of the present day. There were many visitors at Oatlands while the family was established there; but in my time those generally invited to go down from Saturday till Monday were Alvanley, Brummell, Cooke, Foley, Yarmouth (now Lord Hertford), Worcester, Craven, Armstrong, A. Upton, W. Spencer, Berkeley, Page, C. Greville, De Ros, Anson, &c.: and at times the elder set, of Lords Lauderdale and Erskine, Sir Herbert Taylor, Duke of Dorset, Warwick Lake, Torrains, &c. The hour for leaving London was generally about five o'clock; and so many chaises often started from White's that post-horses were not always to be obtained on the road, and I have often gone by Hounslow to avoid the run. The Duchess seldom had any other ladies in the house but Lady Ann Culling Smith, and her three daughters, the eldest of whom was afterwards married to Lord Worcester and cut off in the prime of youth and beauty—an untimely fate. When assembled under this hospitable roof every one did as he pleased, and if any exception could be made to such an agreeable existence, it was that sometimes we had rather too much whist. It was indeed the Duke's passion, and he never would get up as long as he could make an excuse for another rubber.

"Few characters in any situation of life could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York; she was not only a *très-grande dame* in the fullest sense of the word, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment, with a heart full of kindness, beneficence, and charity. The former was proved by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided any collision with the cabals and *tracasseries* which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the Royal Family; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependents, the gratitude of her poor neighbors during her life, and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier period of her marriage were, in later times, completely dispersed, and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was treated by the Duke on all occasions. I have heard him myself express the highest opinion of her good sense, and I believe he rarely failed to consult her opinion on most

questions of importance to himself."—Vol. 1. pp. 145—147.

He goes on to describe the Christmas festivities in this select circle. The Duchess first introduced the custom of "the Christmas tree" into England. In return for her little gifts, this was made the occasion of proving the homage and devotion of her guests. Brummell, for example, offered a lace dress worth a hundred and fifty guineas, though this was thought hardly in right taste by those who had prepared humbler gifts. Mr. Raikes had the good fortune to please her by a musical work-box, which elicits a letter, in which she signs herself his *très affectionnée amie et servante*.

The Duke and Duchess of York form the one exception to the cold truthfulness of his coloring. Towards them he does observe decorous concealments, if we are to believe what Rogers is reputed to have said of these illustrious personages, who does not give quite so courtly or refined an impression of the doings at Oatlands. The Duke's weak point seems to have been whist. Rogers betrays that, late in life, he forgot his debts of honor; while he is throwing an air of unroyal precariousness and uncertainty over their jovial *ménage*. He, too, was a frequent visitor, and describes the guests as being perfectly aware of the shifts behind the scenes, and that their being invited to spend another day depended on the royal host and hostess being able to raise money for the entertainment. It is of the Duchess that the story is told against Monk Lewis. He was a favorite with her; and on leaving the dinner-table one day, she whispered something in his ear which filled his eyes with tears. On being asked what was the matter he replied, "Oh, the Duchess spoke so very kindly to me!" "My dear fellow," said one of the guests, "don't cry; I dare say she did not mean it."

The Prince Regent and the Duke of York are titles with a peculiar triteness about them. There is something old-fashioned, *passé*, and stale in them and in the circles of which they were the heroes; they are memorials of a tasteless age, like some fashion which has gone out of date too recently, to have become historical; too long ago to retain any hold on our indulgence.

We notice in Mr. Raikes and his friends—and probably the peculiarity belongs to *all*

waiters upon fortune—a certain superstitious propensity which must be akin to the gambling spirit, to penetrate by some means into the future. In some men, though not in Mr. Raikes, this curiosity is the religion of infidelity. It is the subjugation of the mind to an unseen power; a temporal power, and connected only with their temporal fate (for their interest does not extend beyond time), but still an influence which impresses and subdues their nature, which they cannot contest, and which they feel to be their master. These books contain many instances of successful fortune-telling, second-sight, forebodings and verified predictions. As an example, here is one which happened to himself:

"I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighborhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous serez arrêté dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dette.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

"The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period: the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner. I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor Square; the repairs of that house had been performed by contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only £150, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy."—Vol. ii. pp. 84, 85."

People can unconsciously dress up these things so much, suppressing what does not fit, and giving point to what does, that we do not quote this as really curious beyond an instance of a tendency to superstition in cer-

tain classes, and a feature in the desultory, dependent, pleasure-seeking character, which desires, above all things, a fortunate and worldly-prosperous lot as the one great good: and yet has not energy to carve one out for itself. Mr. Raikes is not himself without religious impressions, though his language on such subjects betrays a mind totally at a loss; or rather, the impressions themselves are too dim to clothe themselves in accurate wording. While at Venice, he is impressed by the splendor of the churches, and he labors to convey his ideas by means of such heavy terms as "Respect for the Divinity," "Sensations of veneration;" "of being no advocate for the Catholic religion, but," &c. &c.; while he describes an expiatory chapel being "instituted as a token of retribution to a man's soul," with much more of such loose and vague phraseology. Once or twice we find him glancing at prophecy, with a notion of adapting it to politics of his time; and, by the way, he reports, the Duke of Wellington was at one time reading a book on the same subject. But all this is really quite out of his way. We merely touch upon them as traits of the man. Whatever feeling he had for the mysterious, find its real food in the study of crime and popular manias. This last feature is one of the curious points of the book. We suppose that any one, who notes down every murder, every duel, every remarkable crime that comes to his ears, will make out a catalogue which will surprise himself at the end of his task; but really such a list as Mr. Raikes' life, and especially his sojourn in Paris, furnishes, is something enormous and surely exceptional. It was clearly one of his hobbies to be well informed on these points; he must have had emissaries to acquaint him with the latest outrage. We find him always going to see any remarkable criminal in fashion, and taking pains to note down the interview. By this means are related many interesting particulars which throw light on crime,—as a study, as illustrating the eccentricities of the French character, and as bearing on some of our own recent *causes célèbres*. Take, for instance, the case of Madame Lafarge (supposed descendant, by the way, of Madame de Genlis), who poisoned her husband with arsenic. "Never," to translate the French report, "never was witnessed such perfect *sang froid*. During the seventeen days that the

trial lasted, she never once changed her position, nor the expression of her face. At the moment when the *avocat général* brutally apostrophised her as a thief and a poisoner, when he turned with fury towards her and repeated, 'Yes, you are guilty, Marie Capelle,' all eyes—the eyes of thousands—fixed on her, could not discern the slightest movement in the muscles of her face." The same composure befriended her as she listened to the revolting details of her husband's death and disinterment. The papers of the time described her as *très séduisante*; every man who had ever known her had been more or less in love with her; such fascinations of voice and manner had she, that the counsel against her had to shut his ears to the sound of her voice. All these attractions, however, did not save the French poisoner. She was, as will be remembered, condemned to hard labor and exposure in the pillory; being only saved from death by those extenuating circumstances which French ingenuity could discover in the most barbarous and treacherous crimes.

The details of Fieschi's attempt, trial, and execution are given at length; and rouse the lively interest of our author; and not without reason. The *small* motives which actuate great criminals must always create surprise. We expect some parallel between the act and the stimulus which caused it. But it is not so. This Corsican bandit had no political inducement, as it seemed, for this "gunpowder plot;" he seemed to have no strong motive of any kind; and at the last had half resolved to retract, but he felt bound in honor to his associates, and, besides, owed twenty francs to one of them,—a debt which he could only discharge by keeping his word. There is revealed, too, in criminals of this class, an extraordinary craving for notoriety. We cannot but think, that in many cases, the sensation of being the object of general interest—all thoughts dwelling on them, all eyes eager to behold them—has, in itself, such intense satisfaction as, for the time being, to overrule every other consideration. The disgrace is nothing to their callous natures if by *any* means they can excite universal observation. This whole class of criminals are egotists; the paramount and diseased love of self is the one appetite which renders them regardless of everything else, and a morbid vanity shows

every circumstance and event to them in a false light. In the following description we see evident *enjoyment*. The future was nothing to this man,—exhibiting his full powers, conscious of the interest of his auditors, and flattering himself in the notion of making a very remarkable display.

"Fieschi is a short man, about forty years of age, stoutly built, all nerve and muscle; irritable to excess, but with great power over himself; easily affected, but mastering his emotions with a will of iron: prompt in reply, speaking in metaphors, and never at a loss for expressions; at times overflowing with ideas, but never losing sight of one, his principal object, which is to represent himself as a great malefactor, and not a low pitiful assassin. At present, that the plot which he himself styles horrible has failed, he has only one passion, which is to engross notoriety and be the subject of general remark. Not inaccessible to repentance or remorse for the wide-spreading mischief which he has committed, he exhibits no weakness in his regrets, but he has brought himself, and tries to induce his audience, to look upon the details of his scheme as a very natural recital. More at his ease than the president of the court, who during the examination is constantly recurring to notes before him which had been previously arranged for his use, he has during his long interrogatories constantly replied with the utmost readiness and precision to questions, even the most lengthy and embarrassing. He seems to preside over the discussions, and even to direct them. Having established himself in a manner *assistant* to the *accusation*, which he affects to consider as a plea in his own favor, he cannot help occasionally dropping casual expressions which would intimate that he had not quite abandoned all hope. This circumstance perhaps gives an interest beyond mere curiosity to every thing that he says; so strong indeed, that, incredible as it may appear, it has at times excited cheers and bravos from the peers themselves."—Vol. ii. pp. 316, 317.

So convinced are we of the love of notice in some minds, that we have no doubt the pillory was not without its attractions. Fieschi dwelt so greedily on his notoriety as actually to leave his *head* to his mistress, Nina Lassave, that a mould might be taken from it, and casts sold for her benefit. The provisions that were made for this woman were all of a singular character. A *café* hired her to exhibit herself, after the execution of her lover; and our friend was not above going to see the show.

"Wednesday, 24th.—The Café de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse, was for the last two days completely thronged, in consequence of the proprietor having engaged the too celebrated Nina Lassave to take her seat at the *comptoir* at a salary of 1000*fr.* per month. She appeared in a satin flame-colored gown, and her hair adorned with rich ornaments. At the entrance of the room two men were stationed, who demanded a franc from each visitor, giving them in return a ticket for refreshments to that amount. Nina is rather pretty, and unless approached close, the loss of one of her eyes is not apparent. She seemed overwhelmed by the notice she excited, and from time to time the most cruel sarcasms were thrown out against her. Some one having reproached her for daring to show herself in public four days after the execution of Fieschi, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. In half an hour she resumed her seat, and when any one seemed disposed to be severe in their censure, she entreated that sport might not be made of her misfortunes.

"Nina is a good-looking girl, with rather a vulgar expression of countenance. I observed that, besides one eye, she has lost two fingers on her right hand; it is said from a scrofulous humor."—Vol. ii. pp. 330, 331.

Another singular criminal, described by Mr. Raikes, may have suggested the villain Blandois, in Mr. Dickens' last romance,—one of the few characters in that book who now and then recall to us the author's genius. This man, Lacenaire, when the journal brings him under our attention, had already made a cold-blooded confession of various revolting crimes, and excited the wonder of his many visitants by his absolute contempt of death, and the pleasure he could still derive from the exercise of a highly cultivated understanding. Mr. Raikes dwells on this as an argument against the universal diffusion of education, about which we always see he has his prejudices. Lacenaire had nothing of the ruffian in his appearance; his phrenological development showed a preponderance of the intellectual over the animal faculties. After his trial and condemnation, he delighted in conversation on general topics, on which he could bring the full powers of his mind to bear, regardless of his impending fate. With him too, it is evident, that vanity was a constantly actuating motive, confining his thoughts to the present so long as there was food for its gratification. He was confined to the Infirmary of his prison; here his

friends—the men of science, who regarded this wretch simply in the light of a curious study—followed him, after having already held a long philosophical conversation with him elsewhere.

"After an hour, we passed to his bedside, in the great room of the infirmary. He had for a neighbor a young man, a professed robber, ruined by the most disgraceful debauchery, devoured by a pulmonary complaint, and having only a few hours to live. "Lacenaire," said the young man to him, "I regret that I am not free to attend your execution, and see whether, on mounting the fatal scaffold, you have the same self-possession as you have here." "I can give you this assurance," replied Lacenaire, without affectation; "as the most guilty I should be executed last, and before dying, I could bear to see the heads of my fellow-culprits fall, if they should be condemned to death." At these horrible words, I no longer hesitated to talk with him on his own affairs.

"Lacenaire," said I to him, "you are not a common man; you have a deplorable direction of mind. How is it that your intelligence has not protected you against yourself?" "It happened," said he, "one day of my life, that I had no alternative but suicide or crime." "Why did you not commit suicide?" "I then inquired of myself, whether I was the victim of myself or of society, and I imagined that I was the victim of society." "That is an argument common to all criminals," Lacenaire made no reply. "But even if it were true, that you were the victim of society, those whom you smote were innocent." "Tis true, and hence I pity those whom I smote, but I killed them because it was a resolution formed against all." "Thus you made a system of assassination?" "Yes; and chose it as the means of my own preservation, and to secure my own subsistence." "It is more easy to conceive how a man, urged by imperious necessity, commits a crime, to satisfy it; but with you, it was to spend the blood in orgies. Say, Lacenaire, did you never experience some access of moral fever—a sort of frenzy for crime, and pleasure in executing it?" "No." "Then you did this coolly as a commercial operation, by calculation, by combination?" "Yes." "If you were not naturally cruel, how was it possible for you to succeed in stifling within your breast every sentiment of pity?" "Man does whatever he wishes: I am not naturally cruel, but it was necessary for the means to be in harmony with the end; being a systematic assassin, it was requisite to lay aside all sensibility." "You never then felt any remorse?" "Never." "Any fear?" "No; my head was my stake; I never reckoned on

impunity. There is one thing, in fact, in which one is forced to believe, and that is justice, because society is founded upon order.' 'But this sentiment of justice is conscience.' 'Without the remorse.' 'I do not comprehend the one without the other; does not the idea of death terrify you?' 'No, not at all; to die to-day or to-morrow of apoplexy or by the axe, what does it matter? I am thirty-five years old, but I have lived more than a life; and when I see old men dragging themselves along, and perishing in a slow or painful agony, I tell myself that it is better to die at a blow, and in the exercise of all my faculties.' 'If you could now commit suicide, to escape the ignominy of the scaffold, would you do it?' 'No: if I had the most active poison, I would not commit suicide. Besides, is not the guillotine the most active of all poisons? This is why I would not commit suicide; I could have killed myself before I shed any blood. As an assassin, I felt that I had established between the scaffold and myself a bond, a contract,—that my life was no longer my own, but belonged to the law, to the executioner.' 'This, then, in your view will be an expiation?' 'No: a consequence—the payment of a gambling debt.' 'What logic! Do you believe, Lacenaire, that all will be ended with life?' 'It is a subject upon which I have never been disposed to reflect.' 'Do you imagine that you shall continue to have the same confidence up to the last moment?' 'I believe that I shall look at the scaffold without fear; the punishment is less in the execution than in the expectation, and the moral agony that precedes it. Besides, I have such power over my imagination, that I create a world for myself. If I wished, I would not think of death till it was before me.' After a pause, Lacenaire said, 'Do you think that I shall be despised?' 'A man such as you inspires nothing but horror.' 'Then it is hatred I am to expect. There is nothing which, according to me, is so insupportable as the contempt of another, or one's own contempt.' After having uttered these words, he filled a glass with wine, and added, smiling, 'This is not Falernian;' and quoting a line of Horace, 'this wine is not

"Nata mecum Consule Manlio"
a citation of Horace at the foot of the scaffold!"—Vol. ii. pp. 264, 257.

Lacenaire's more private recreations were writing his memoirs, in which he confessed to having committed nine murders. He looked forward to his work forming the subject of a melodrama. But when the time of his execution actually came, there was a change.

He showed himself pale, aghast; all his courage failed him. He had designed an address to the crowd, but could not deliver it, and the words of his accomplice were fulfilled: "If I am condemned to death, I shall go firmly; and you, blackguard, will act like the craven coward that you are." A speech which did justice to the penetration of this M. François, in estimating the real groundwork of his friend's apparent indifference,—which lay in the ineffable satisfaction of showing off.

Mr. Raikes's experiences in this line are mainly French, because he lived in France during the greater portion of the period of his diary; but there can be no doubt that our neighbors have an eccentricity—a manner of their own—in these matters, very provocative of curiosity, and which produces a great impression on our less ephemeral natures.

His book is also a perfect chronicle of duels. Habit, and his familiarity with these affairs, invest his style in relating such as arise out of received causes of offence with a peculiar succinctness; the principals, the seconds, the weapons, the paces,—are all run off without a superfluous syllable or a word of comment; but now and then this terseness is varied by a few characteristic particulars. We have duels of every country; and all, where the story is given, are tinged by some national peculiarity. There is Lord Alvanley's with Morgan O'Connell, which passed off without bloodshed; distinguished by his frank confession of satisfaction at having got out of the scrape safe.

"When Alvanley returned from his duel with Mr. O'Connell, he gave the hackney-coachman who had driven him to and from the ground a sovereign for his trouble: when the man observed that it was more than was his due for taking him that distance, Alvanley replied, 'It is not for carrying me there, my good fellow, but for bringing me back.'"
—Vol. ii. p. 112.

Another Anglo-Irish encounter furnishes a grotesque example of the same appreciation of the life recklessly hazarded:

"I remember his fighting a duel with Humphry Howarth, M.P. for Evesham, who was a *farceur* like himself, that was treated more as an object of ridicule than as anything serious. It arose out of a quarrel after dinner at the Castle Inn, at Brighton, during the race week, and they adjourned to the course early in the morning to settle the

difference. The seconds and a few friends who went to see the show, were soon convulsed with laughter when they saw Howarth, who was a fat old man, deliberately take off his clothes and present himself naked (except his drawers) to the murderous weapon of his adversary. The fact was, he had been a surgeon in the Company's army in India, and knowing professionally that gunshot wounds were often aggravated by parts of the clothing being driven by the ball into the orifice, he had determined to avoid at least this risk, by divesting himself of all incumbrances. The precaution, however, was needless, as no blood was spilt, and the matter arranged by a random shot from each party."—Vol. iii. p. 203.

While a third, between the most celebrated duellist of each country, arising from a few words of dispute about a Newfoundland dog, ended most tragically. The American encounters show the most determined thirst for blood. Men there walk straight up to one another, firing at intervals till one or both are killed, rejoicing, in their last words, that their antagonist shares their fate. Probably however, it is only those characterized by some peculiar ferocity which travelled across the Atlantic to enrich Mr. Raikes' catalogue. The French duel is often distinguished by an involved complicity of crime: as where a young lady deliberately gets her proposed father-in-law shot by her lover, to avoid a connexion she dislikes, and dances with the victor, that same evening, to show her sense of his services: or where we read—

"A duel took place on Wednesday near Paris, which was attended by singular circumstances. One of the combatants having had the first fire, placed himself in an attitude to receive that of his adversary, who took a long and deliberate aim—the ball passed through his skull, and he died immediately. A few seconds afterwards his adversary also fell and expired, for he had received a ball which traversed his lungs; he had nevertheless retained sufficient strength to execute his deadly purpose. The combatants went into the field to revenge a double and reciprocal adultery."—Vol. i. p. 277.

Altogether duelling, like other things, loses its romance under Mr. Raikes' truthful pencil; and there is more of the simple spirit of murder, and less sense of honor in the system than its ordinary advocates would admit. It is of a piece with that principle of worldly friendship it so often breaks in upon, and which is thus estimated:—

"When I talk of friends, I talk perhaps of a society in which the word friendship may be supposed to be little understood and seldom practised. Fitzpatrick, the companion of Fox and Sheridan, and of all the wits of that day, described the London world in one sarcastic stanza,—

'Whate'er they promised or professed'

In disappointment ends—

In short, there's nothing I detest

So much as all my friends.'

But in leagues of pleasure, and intimacies proceeding from similarity of disposition and pursuits, habits and associations are hard to break; and when these are supported by wealth and rank, it is a strong case indeed that can dissolve them."—Vol. iii. p. 75.

The book, indeed, shows the world in ugly colors, so that we are sometimes disposed to think Mr. Raikes saw it at its worst, and mixed with its least creditable celebrities. This was the case, no doubt, in his youth, which furnishes the reminiscences so constantly woven into the daily narrative. There is one character which embodies the world's worst features in gigantic, almost heroic proportions, that makes a conspicuous figure in Mr. Raikes' pages. There was a fascination about Talleyrand. The curiosity about him never seems to have flagged amongst those who came in contact with him. This great picturesque example of successful sin,—this old iniquity,—this gentlemanly villain,—this hoary traitor,—with his polish, his heartless wit, his fox-like cunning, his narrow, subtle politics, his absorption in the world that was slipping away from him, his clinging anxiety—not for its good opinion, but for its consideration and interest,—does, in spite of ourselves, arrest our attention. A prosperous sinner, living the full term of man's life, tasting all that the world can give to the utmost is, after all, a more pitiable and melancholy spectacle (so we think, after reading Mr. Raikes) than the baffled, defeated, disappointed schemer; for he retains his ideal, and has not known satiety: but in the other we see the hollowness and mere sham of what he gave his soul for, and we know he must have felt this himself in his secret consciousness. Success is in itself terrible in an evil career. The sight of this man, who lifted himself up against God, feeble, old, sinking into the inevitable grave, which no care, no excessive caution could avert, is fearful; and it was felt so by those who

would not willingly admit thoughts of awe and fear, and who respected that impassibility, that freedom from all disturbing influences, those *wants* in his nature which, as much as his powers, supply the secret of his success. "There is no life," says George Sands, "more regular, no *régime* more strictly observed, no existence cherished with such miserly care, as that of this octogenarian fox. Ask him if he believes himself necessary to the preservation of the human race, that he watches over his own so ardently? Ask by what self-devotion, by what good actions his day is occupied? His people will tell you that he rises at eleven, and passes four hours at his toilet—time lost in endeavoring to give some appearance of life to that face of marble, which absence of soul has petrified much more than old age. Then follows a long and eloquent tirade describing his life and vices. Men say his very approach was of ill omen—his look fascinated like a viper's—his word withered hope and candor in all who came near him. How many fresh natures did he sully,—how many sweet illusions, how many holy convictions did he tread underfoot,—how many cowards and traitors did he make, how many consciences did he pervert and destroy? And yet he had an immense intellect, and keen, delicate senses. The absence of that something unknown and divine, which makes us men, made him greater than the greatest of us, smaller than the least. Infirm, he trod on the healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the happiest organization, was but a broken reed before him. He ruled over beings nobler than himself. What he wanted of their greatness made his own."

We meet M. Talleyrand first in London, and Mr. Raikes gives facts and details of his well-known career, and also brings him before us in his person and his sayings, which were both eminently distinctive.

"I was rather amused to-day at White's with Sefton's description of his visit this morning to Prince Talleyrand. He is very intimate with him, and is received at all hours; a privilege which he avails himself of very frequently at present, to hear the latest intelligence from Paris and Antwerp, now so generally interesting.

"This morning he was ushered into the dressing-room of the celebrated octogenarian, who was under the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training

for the mysteries of the toilette, stood looking on with attention to perfect himself in his future duties. The prince was in a loose flannel gown, his long locks (for it is no wig), which are rather scanty, as may be supposed, were twisted and *crépus* with the curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum and then with great care arranged into those snowy ringlets which have been so much known and remarked all over Europe. His under attire was a flannel pantaloons, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated *cul-de-jatte*."—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Elsewhere we have his picture when this unique toilet is completed, with some details of his organization; Mr. Raikes extracts from a paper of the day:

"Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing gray eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror, his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral, guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand's pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him to do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits herself at every intermission of my pulse. And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business.

"At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed, with innumerable nightcaps on his head to keep it warm, as he said, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge if he tumbles on the ground; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if perfectly recumbent."—Vol. iii. pp. 263, 264.

Finally, we are admitted into the *cuisine*, or rather laboratory, which supplied the subtle juices whereby this mysterious frame was kept in life:

"Lord Willoughby having written to ask me to send him a cook from Paris, I have had various candidates for the office, and among them some who have served in the kitchen of the late M. de Talleyrand, which was always modelled upon that of the old French noblesse before the Revolution. Those who have not been initiated in those esculent mysteries, would be surprised at the expense and luxury which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*,—the *rotisseur*, the *saucier*, the *patissier*, and the *officier*,—this latter superintending the dessert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of every thing nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humor the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited, his cook had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, 'Why does he not spend more?' He was an epicure in the widest sense of the term, and those who were about him have assured me that the talents of his cook had assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthened existence, than the skill of the physician who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France; fortunes are so diminished, that none of the nobility could bear the expense; and the *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to form such an establishment. Thus M. de Talleyrand, with his reminiscences of the old Court, and the enjoyment of an immense income, stood alone in society as the representative of the luxurious French noble of former days."—Vol. iii. pp. 270, 271.

All this outlay of men and means simply to preserve vitality gives the impression of his being, after all, only some curious piece of mechanism of human contrivance,—a very ingenious automaton, but without the spontaneous powers of humanity. His intellect worked in much the same unnatural, mechanical fashion. His thoughts were not uttered spontaneously, but in a series of *bon-mots*, illuminating long silences. He was wholly without extempore powers of oratory.

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He was a listener; would be patient with dull men, and out of what he heard wove those cunning webs which caught other politicians. This habit, in spite of his reputation for wit, prevented his being a companion. We read:

"Richelieu said a clever thing to Lord ——— when he was in England. The subject of conversation was M. de Talleyrand, whom Lord ——— cited as the most agreeable and amusing man he ever knew. 'M. de Talleyrand has a great deal of wit,' said the Duc de Richelieu, 'but he cannot be called an amusing man; he will remain silent for a whole evening, listening to what passes, and will then perhaps make some very clever and pointed remark, which every one will afterwards repeat.' 'Oh,' said Lord ——— 'I can assure you that I was once for six whole hours alone in company with M. de Talleyrand, and found him the most amusing man I ever met.' 'I can account for it,' replied Richelieu; 'you talked yourself during the whole time.'—Vol. iii. pp. 251, 252.

His sayings are especially characterized by heartlessness, and are wholly without good feeling; but they are genuine *bon-mots*, which last. The satire is pointed; the hits at character telling; the knowledge of human nature, such as he saw it, penetrating; the language precise, and showing a fine discrimination, apt at nice distinctions. An anecdote told by the Duke of Wellington illustrates this power, as also his deadness to natural feeling.

"I told him several anecdotes of Talleyrand and Montrond, to which he listened and then continued: 'Yes, he was a very agreeable companion, though not a talkative one: he would often remain for an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram, which you never forgot. I was one day at Madame Crawford's house in Paris, when some one came in and announced the death of Napoleon. It made a sort of sensation in the room, and Madame Crawford exclaimed, 'Ah mon Dieu! quel événement!' Talleyrand was sitting in a corner near her, and very quietly replied, 'Ce n'est plus un événement, c'est une nouvelle.'"—Vol. iv. p. 309.

On being asked to define the meeting of the word non-intervention,—

"His reply was, 'C'est un mot métaphysique, et politique, que signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.' His politics have proved it so.—Vol. i. p. 106.

Talleyrand in his old age was Conservative.

He paid Lord Palmerston the compliment of a particular aversion, and pronounced him without the talent of reasoning. When the Whigs came in, he

"Expressed himself very openly and satirically about the English Government, whom he considered very deficient both in talent and honesty. He said of Lord Holland: 'C'est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice, qu'on ait jamais vue.' Of Lady Holland he observed: 'Elle est toute assertion, mais quand on demande la preuve, c'est là son secret.'"—Vol. i. p. 300.

Some one told him that Chateaubriand complained he was growing deaf:

"Talleyrand replied, 'Il se croit sourd, parce qu'il n'entend plus parler de lui.'"—Vol. iii. p. 373.

Yet once or twice this man, who boasted that he could witness the utmost griefs and horrors without emotion, showed a moment's feeling. He was observed by his friend—if we may so profane the word—Montrond to feel the death of an old lady with whom he had once been in the habit of spending his evenings. It was the first time he had seen him shed tears. This drew a remark from Lord Alvanley, one of the company, that he too had witnessed a similar phenomenon. On one occasion Talleyrand's name had been injudiciously brought forward for censure in the House of Lords, and the Duke of Wellington had risen to repair the mischief, and paid some handsome compliments to his great talents, and the services he had performed on certain occasions.

"Alvanley went to visit the Prince on the following day, and found him perusing the debates of the preceding night, and, though much hurt at the attack of Lord L., still more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke. He expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, while the tears ran down his cheeks, and then added: 'J'en suis d'autant plus reconnoissant à M. le Duc, que c'est le seul homme d'état dans le monde qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi.' The confession was rather ludicrous."—Vol. i. p. 137.

This Montrond, who for fifty years had been his friend and companion, shows himself a kindred spirit. In their infirm old age we are told—

"*Ces deux drands débris se consolent entre eux.*"—Vol. iii. p. 233.

The secret of their *liaison* is to be found in the following *mots* :—

"'M. de Talleyrand disoit un soir dans les épanchements de l'intimité, 'Duchesse de Laval, savez-vous pourquoi j'aime assez Montrond? C'est parcequ'il n'a pas beaucoup de préjugés.' Montrond répliqua aussitôt: 'Duchesse de Luynes, savez-vous pourquoi j'aime M. de Talleyrand? C'est qu'il n'en a pas du tout.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 233, 234.

What is the worth of such friendship, founded on a long companionship in evil, we may form some conception from the following ghastly jest:—

"Talleyrand's *bon-mots* always fly about. His friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer, '*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*'"—Vol. i. p. 6.

The death of Talleyrand is in remarkable conformity with his life. It was distinguished by the terrible mockery of a recantation to which it is impossible for any effort of charity to attach a moment's credit. Urged by his family, who all acted the same part in this revolting drama, to spare them the scandal of dying unreconciled to the Church, which involved refusal of Christian burial (an argument which had great weight with him), he yet put off an act so repugnant to him to the very last, and then, for the sake of appearances, ante-dated it. While he could flatter himself with the hope of life, he was withheld by his sensitiveness to popular opinion, the only influence that could touch him. He was indeed, incapable of a thought beyond. We meet with no remorse, no mis-giving in his last moments: these belong to less hardened sinners. But we must extract the scene at length so disgraceful to all concerned; not the least to the priest who lent himself to the flagrant imposition.

"*Thursday, 17th.*—This day, at four o'clock, Prince Talleyrand died. It would seem that the priest, who arrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Madlle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Madame de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest therefore took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favorable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix and others of his relations represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to the family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his

corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. At the appointed time he received the Abbé Dupanloup and other friends, in whose presence he made confession, and a formal recantation of his errors; after which he received the Holy Sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing his faith. His recantation was read aloud to the company by Madame de Dino."—Vol. iii. pp. 253, 254.

His connection with this lady is a story of involved and elaborate wickedness, which we need not go into.

"The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was attended to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hotel gathered in the adjacent room. It was in miniature the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *portière* or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependants. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, 'Voyons a-t-il signé? Est-il mort?' His voice failed him at twelve o'clock in the day, and at a quarter before four o'clock, as Lady Sandwich called at the gate to inquire after him, a servant came down to the porter in his lodge to announce that he had just expired. M. de Talleyrand had been so often ill, and had so often recovered, that even at his age of eighty-four, he would not believe that his case was hopeless. On this account he so long persisted in refusing to sign his recantation, or to receive a priest, being determined not to make this public avowal of a religious feeling, little in tenor with his past life, till he was absolutely on the point of quitting it.

"It was a perseverance in the dread of public opinion to the last hour which was fearful. At the moment when he was summoned into the presence of his God he seemed more anxious to avoid the scoffs of the world in case of his recovery, which was impossible, than to make his peace with Heaven,—before that tribunal where his ap-

pearance must be immediate and inevitable. His acquiescence at last was only obtained by the entreaties of the little Pauline, who told him if he deferred his signature she should feel miserable for the rest of her life. The comments of the world on his death are, as may be supposed, various. The Legitimists say, 'Il est mort en bon gentilhomme.' A lady of the *vieille cour* said last night in my hearing, 'Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre.' And M. de Blancmesnil said, 'Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 255, 257.

Of course his death was followed by all the honors of a magnificent funeral. As a French paper of the day said, "In France, success absolves from every crime, from every infamy, and confers every virtue and every species of distinction. The man who so long served, mocked, deceived, and betrayed all governments, appears to us so great with the *cortège* of vices and misdeeds which signalized his career, that adulation is at a loss for terms in which to praise him."

The device on his catafalque of *Rien que Dieu*, the motto of his family, was felt as a sarcasm on religion, and the mob, which was disappointed of a spectacle by an unexpected change in the route of the procession, cried out, "Voyez donc, il nous trompe même en mourant."

The "retraction" had highly displeased Montrod; he had done what he could to dissuade him from it, and had subsequently turned it into ridicule. But when his own time came, much the same scene was enacted with more unction. At one period of his illness he had exclaimed, "*Comme c'est bête de mourir*;" but when his state became hopeless, his relations, with some more appearance of sincerity than the parallel case, took him in hand and set about the work of conversion in a business-like manner.

"I was curious to know the state of his feelings at such a crisis, because I had heard that his head was as clear and as collected as ever. Three days ago, when the physicians said to him, 'Prenez bon courage, vous irez peut-être mieux, assez bien pour sortir en voiture,' he replied, 'Oui, je sais bien la voiture dans laquelle je sortirai.'

"I now find, to my surprise, that the Duc de Broglie has taken upon himself *le soin de son salut*, and has been unceasing in his efforts to convert him to a sense of religion, as well as Madame Hamelin, who is become *très dévote*.

"The same effort was made some years ago by that excellent woman the Duchess de Broglie, when he was also in a state of extreme danger. She came and prayed by his bed-side; but then it was without the slightest effect on his mind, because he felt convinced (as he told me) that he should recover.

"Now it is said that he has shown signs of religious feeling; at least, he has been *administré*, and has confessed three times. The Abbé Petitot is constantly with him; and during his first interview said to him, 'Vous avez sans doute dans votre temps fait beaucoup de plaisanteries contre la religion.' 'Non,' replied Montrond, 'j'ai toujours vécu en bonne compagnie.' The declaration, whether true or not (and it certainly is not true), showed very good worldly taste in the old gentleman."

"Wednesday 18th.—Montrond died this morning in what the Catholics call *odeur de sainteté*. He desired the crucifix to be placed at his bed's head, and would not suffer it to be removed. Peace to his manes!"—Vol. iv. pp. 321, 322.

Louis Philippe is the third Frenchman whose portrait is elaborately drawn in these volumes, in hardly better colors than the others. Indeed, he is a *fourbe* far less to Mr. Raikes' mind, with his citizen manners and business-like grasp of money, than the high-bred polished old sinner, courted in all societies, and in his late years of decidedly Conservative bearings. When, in 1833, affairs went wrong with Mr. Raikes, when the bank with which he was connected became embarrassed, and (probably) his fortune impaired by *private* imprudence, he retired from the London world and set himself down before Louis Philippe, as it seems, for the main purpose of watching the proceedings of that monarch. And being an intimate with the Legitimist party, his subject makes a poor figure, and receives but bare justice at his hands. However, though his coloring may often be tinged by party feeling, we early learn to trust Mr. Raikes' facts. He is not only fairly honest by nature, but he evidently prides himself on the accuracy of his sources of information. As we have said before, he always went straight to the fountain-head. Subordinates were people he never wished to have anything to do with. His information was valued and trusted by his friends in office or opposition; and his judgment and anticipations on some main

points proved to be correct, which is all that can be said of any political prophets, who are just the class of prophets we have most power of testing. Under his unsparing pen we are shown a king without moral courage or greatness of soul; without any principle except to keep his ground and make money; one who made his kingdom a good speculation, and turned every question into a job for the advancement of his family; who would adopt any watchword that would suit the time; who courted the mob till they despised him, and yet aimed at their liberties; who used all the arts of corruption in the grossest forms; who adopted low means to attain mean ends; who was absolutely without friends; who inspired no spark of loyalty; who had no one to love, no one to respect, no one to fear him; whose best qualities were only those of a shrewd *préfet de police* in keeping the peace by any means; and who, when he did public good, did it only for private ends. This is Mr. Raikes' view, and that of the party with whom he associated, and it is so far confirmed by experience that no king has so lost ground in general estimation since there has been time for history to sit in judgment upon him. We find Mr. Raikes very early premising—

"There exists in no country in Europe a government so little respected abroad, or a king so little respected at home, as is the case in France at the present moment."

"At this present moment, under the reign of the Citizen-King, above 100,000 troops are occupied to keep in awe only three cities in this kingdom, Paris, Marseilles—and Lyons.

"Here indeed it seems the policy, when pretexts are wanting, to create artificial excuses for additional rigor. The town has been infested for the last six weeks with wretched itinerant vendors of the most disgusting trash, and abuse against the royal family,—the lowest species of caricatures.' I watched them in the street; no one noticed them, none purchased their wares: it seemed indeed a most unprofitable trade; but still it was continued, without check on the one side, or encouragement on the other. I at last expressed my surprise to a friend at their impunity. 'Oh,' said he, 'it is an *attrape*; they are agents paid by the police, to sound the feelings of the multitude.' In a week afterwards came out a bill of the most sweeping nature against the public criers, interdicting them from selling even the public journals."—Vol. i. pp. 213, 214.

And again :

"Louis Philippe, though no ways wanting in that physical courage which would confront personal danger, is not endowed with that moral courage which can preserve coolness in difficult moments, and take advantage of events which present a threatening aspect. His course has always been of a more tortuous nature; and to effect his plans, he will always prefer the byeways of wily cunning to the straight road of manly resolution. He is notoriously designated as *faux comme un jeton*."—Vol. i. p. 314.

Later, he thus speaks of his private speculations taking precedence of the affairs of Government :

"In the midst of personal danger which never before impended over a crowned head, Louis Philippe thinks of nothing but heaping treasure upon treasure, and augmenting millions for himself and family.

"The other day a *diplomate* of high rank went to the Tuileries to impart some important dispatches just arrived from abroad; Louis Philippe treated the subject for about ten minutes, but he detained the visitor near three hours with a detail of the improvements he was making in his property; the canals he was forming, the price at which he sold his wood, and the whole economy of his management; all this with a dagger hanging over his head."—Vol. iii. p. 153.

Of his petty acts for saving his own money we read :

"A friend of mine told me that he had a beautiful portrait by Mignard, which he took an opportunity of offering to Louis Philippe, who is making a collection of that period, and for which he asked the moderate price of £500. His majesty made great objection to the sum, but still expressed a wish to see and examine the painting. It was sent to the Tuileries, where it was detained a few days, during which interval it was copied by a female artist, to whom the King gave 60*l.*, and it was then returned to the owner."—Vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

Of his enormous system of bribery with the public funds :—

"At Madame de Girardin's, this evening, I had some conversation with M. Beugnot, a very intelligent and agreeable man. He describes to me the despicable state of the Chamber of Deputies under the present system, guided solely by petty private interests, and open to bribery in every shape. 'The King,' said he, 'if he was not so chary of his money, might have a large majority on any question, if he pleased. The fact is, that

those from the provinces are in such needy circumstances, that they can hardly afford the expense of a journey to Paris, or their stay during the meeting; such men are always on the watch to sell their votes. A sum of 500*l.* will very often decide them to support any measure: and when the case is urgent, the Government, with money, can always carry their point. You talk,' said he, 'of the profligate times of Sir Robert Walpole in England; but here the venality is more contemptible, because the times are more enlightened, the bribes are more insignificant, and the corruption more general. Casimir Perier, who squandered the public money in this way, when a deputy named his price, never offered him more than one half, and generally succeeded in his object. The primary object of Louis Philippe is to gain money, and his accession to the throne was a mere commercial speculation. In other monarchies, the private property of the sovereign is blended with his royal appanage, to support the splendor and dignity of his crown; but Louis Philippe was determined from the beginning to gain all he could, and give nothing in return. He was elected King of the French on the 7th August; on the previous day (the 6th,) he made over by a deed, drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his children, reserving the usufruct to himself; he enjoys the income of the Duc d'Aumale, gained from the Prince de Condé, till his majority, and his Civil List is from twelve to fourteen millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw by every manœuvre, his own incidental expenses on the shoulders of the nation. It is then only that he is really magnificent."—Vol. iv. pp. 128—130.

It is a melancholy history of desperate, unflagging efforts to keep a position; and conveys the idea, in spite of Mr. Raikes, of great talent and energy. He seems to have stood alone, without even a party interested in his success, except so far as it implied the maintenance of public order. He was unpopular, and the perpetual mark of assassins; but this does not impress us so much as the indifference which all classes manifested. He failed in all attempts to get up effects; he exhibited himself, and was not looked at; he condescended, and was laughed at for his pains. He schemed, and succeeded; and the plot recoiled upon him. But it is time to pass on.

Mr. Raikes's one hero is the Duke of Wellington; who, in return, was his very good

friend, and would have got him some place or office if he could. His feelings, usually so absolutely under his control, assume an exaggerated tone when the Duke is his theme; and, with all his experience, we find him inditing sentences of horror and despair for his country, when the mob upon some occasion greeted the hero of Waterloo with hootings and clamor. In the midst of the fine gentlemen, the idlers, the *dilletante* politicians,—the wary, cunning, selfish Frenchmen who people these pages,—we must say the Duke stands out to great advantage; failing, like the rest, in his prognostics, but always honest and patriotic in his views, and simple in his mode of life, and full of sound sense and wisdom in the frankly-spoken reminiscences of his busy career. He was evidently a very agreeable companion: liked to talk and to listen, without a thought of display or showing-off on his part. Mr. Raikes records visits to him, where he always seems to have been treated with confidence and distinction, and which gave rise to the following estimate of his character:

"The more I see of this extraordinary man, the more I am struck with his singularly quick apprehension, the facility with which he seizes the real gist of every subject, separates all the dross and extraneous matter from the real argument, and places his finger directly on the point which is fit to be considered. No rash speculations, no verbiage, no circumlocution; but truth and sagacity, emanating from a cool and quickly apprehensive judgment fortified by great experience and conversant with each and every subject, and delivered with a brevity, a frankness, a simplicity of manner, and a confidential kindness, which, without diminishing that profound respect which every man must feel for such a character, still places him at his ease in his society, and almost makes him think he is conversing with an intimate friend. His whole mind seems engrossed by the love of his country."—Vol. i. pp. 67, 68.

Elsewhere we are told the impression he made on foreign diplomatists:—

"The Duke de Guiche told me this evening that Sebastiani was enchanted with our Duke of Wellington, whose frankness and activity in business were beyond all praise. His expression was, 'If I have anything to communicate to his Grace, I write to ask at what hour he will receive me. The hour is instantly appointed; I find him punctual as the clock, and, in half an hour he has heard my report, he has placed his finger on

the point which has reference to himself, decided on the line which he feels authorized to take, and gives me an answer without any ambiguity.

"Thirty minutes with him suffice to transact what can never be accomplished in as many hours with our wavering ministers of France."—Vol. ii. pp. 69, 70.

His notices of the Duke embrace a long period; from the current stories of his boyhood, when he was not particularly attentive to his studies, and was constantly occupied with his little terrier "Vick," to his own later experience. His descriptions of the Duke's habits are in pleasant contrast with some of his other pictures of old age. He describes his indifference to his own comfort and accommodation, carried to such an extent, that, when his house was once full of company, he contentedly gave up his own bedroom to his son Charles (ignorant, of course, of the sacrifice,) and had a bed put up for himself in his dressing-room. Then we have his meals, and see him at breakfast, "eating heartily messes of rusks and bread sopped in his tea, but never meat or eggs;" and at dinner the same good appetite satisfying itself by the same simple diet,—meat, rice, and vegetables, mixed into a mess, filling his plate, and drinking very little wine. We find him subject to fits of testiness, but soon getting over them; very jealous of interference with his independent personal habits, but attentive to those of his guests, and especially courteous to ladies. When his party were only men, he dressed in boots; but the presence of a lady—if only Mr. Raikes' young daughter,—made him assume the full state of shoes, silk stockings, star, and garter; when as Mr. Raikes expresses it, he was *la vieille cour personifiée*. He was full of anecdote, told well but simply; without any attempt, it should seem, at point. His recollections were more varied than most men, and his opinions formed on his own observation, not on the judgment of others. People under his hand seem to have assumed rather a new aspect to his hearers, because he had seen them under peculiar or more intimate circumstances. Thus he brings George IV. before us as a *sloven*. This *dandy*, so fastidious in his dress that every coat cost him £300 before it was finished, and was then too tight for an unrestrained movement, indemnified himself in private by dirt and disorder. The Duke

"... found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private."—Vol. iv. p. 292.

And, in like manner, this "finest gentleman in Europe" lapses into a clever mimic,—the Duke uses the word buffoon,—whose talents were lost to the stage; who, in a political crisis, would send his attendants and visitors into fits of laughter by accurate mimicry of all his ministers, in the act of giving in their resignation; and, in a state dinner of crowned heads, would entertain kings and queens by a display of this same accomplishment. The Duke's estimate of Napoleon is rather strikingly given. He always considered his *presence* as equal to 40,000 men. The French army was all that more formidable by the simple fact of his being at its head. We have some curious remembrances of Napoleon's generals, especially Junot, a vulgar fellow, to whom the Duke undertook to teach manners. After beating him in a battle, in which Junot was himself wounded, the Duke sent next day to inquire after his health, and sent him a present of fruit, as a *lesson of the old school*;—a lesson which was needed, to judge from one story he related of him:—

"Amongst the eminent Portuguese who were cruelly treated by the French during this invasion, was the Count Sa. Bandiera; and he gave me dreadful accounts of the brutal excesses committed in his house by the French officers who were quartered upon him, and their continued drunkenness and pillage.

"Among these officers billeted upon him was the General Loison, who at one time was dangerously ill, and confined to his bed: Junot one morning sent for the unfortunate Bandiera, and asked him how the general was going on; as he could only answer that he was extremely ill, Junot knitted his brow, and said, 'Tenez, M. Bandiera, je vous conseille de bien prendre soin de lui; prenez bien garde qu'il se retablisce, car si le général vient à mourir dans votre maison, le diable m'emporte si je ne vous enterre pas tout vivant sous lui.' It may easily be supposed with what anxiety the poor Bandiera watched the recovery of General Loison, who fortunately at last was restored to health."—Vol. iv. pp. 312, 313.

The Duke was a reader, studied English history in his old age, and seems to have

made up his mind on difficult questions with great precision. Thus:—

"After dinner the conversation turned on the resemblance between the fate of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, though the circumstances which led to their fate were widely different, as no two men could be more dissimilar than Charles I. and the unfortunate Louis XVI. The Duke said, 'I have very much altered my opinion of the character of Charles I. I once thought him a man of greater talent than he really was; but, since reading Sanderson and Clarendon for the second time, I am convinced that he was obstinate without judgment; he first acted unwisely, and then persisted in his fault like a headstrong man. Charles II. was much the cleverer man, but a very bad king. It has been the fashion to say, that he was a Roman Catholic, but the fact is, that he was a profligate debauchee, and had no religion at all; he might have shown a tendency to that creed on his death-bed, but that is easily accounted for. James II., when Duke of York, showed courage and talent; his beginning was better than his end. He was certainly a Roman Catholic, but his bigotry in the commencement was founded on the idea that Papistry, if once re-established in England, would better enable him to become a despotic monarch than Protestantism. That was the real object of his heart, in which he was also strengthened by the counsels of Louis XIV. But the nation took the alarm; their religious scruples were awakened, and when he was once driven from the throne, he found he had nothing left but to give himself up in reality to all those bigoted ideas, by which he was only partly actuated before. Hence came the saying, that he had lost three kingdoms for one mass; but what he wanted was, to be a despot.'"—Vol. iv. pp. 315—317.

Mr. Raikes, as usual, was possessed of the earliest facts about the battle of Waterloo, which was whispered about at dinners and balls before the truth was definitely known. It was in the aristocratic days before telegrams. He gives the account in connection with his character of Sir R. W.—(Sir Robert Wilson), whom he describes as always the harbinger of bad news:—

"On the day of that evening, when we received the news of the great victory at Waterloo, I dined with the present Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby in Piccadilly: there was a large party, among whom I remember Miss Mercer (now Madame de Flahault), Sir H. Cooke, and Sir R. W.—, who entered the room with a grave portentous countenance, as if he knew more than he was willing

to communicate. Every one at that time was in breathless impatience for the result, and as we proceeded to the dining-room Miss Mercer inquired of me in a whisper if I had heard any news, adding that she feared from Sir R. W——'s manner that some misfortune had occurred. I felt little alarm at his prognostics, as I had heard that Rothschild was purchasing stock largely, and that the funds had risen two per cent.

"When the ladies had retired and the wine had opened Sir R. W——'s heart, he condescended to inform the company, that he had received a private dispatch from Brussels, announcing the total defeat of the Anglo-Prussian army by the French, with the additional circumstance that Napoleon, after his decided victory, had supped with the Prince d'Areberg at his palace in that city. On doubts being expressed as to the correctness of his information, he offered readily to bet any sum on the strength of his despatches. We took him at his word: I betted with him £400 or £500, and others did the same to the amount of above £1000.

"There was a ball that night at Sir George Talbot's; and when I arrived there about eleven o'clock, I found the whole house in confusion and dismay; ladies calling for their carriages, and others fainting in the ante-room, particularly the Ladies Paget, who seemed in the utmost distress. The mystery, however was soon cleared up: Lady Castle-reagh had just made her appearance in the ball-room, with the official account of the battle, and a partial list of the killed and wounded, which had caused so much distress among the various relatives of the sufferers. She had been at a grand dinner given by Mrs. Boehm in St. James's Square, to the Prince Regent, during which Colonel Percy, having first driven to Carlton House, had arrived in a chaise and four at the house, and presented to his royal highness, at table, the official despatches from the Duke of Wellington (recounting his victory), as well as the French eagles, which he had brought as trophies with him in the carriage."—Vol. iii. pp. 46, 47.

News would not have been news to Mr. Raikes deprived of its exclusive character—the possession at the same moment of all classes,—and bestowing on no individual a peculiar distinction. In connexion with this feeling, we are rather amused with the summary judgment he passes on the proposed penny-postage:—

"This will increase the number of idle scribblers, be of little benefit to the lower classes, who seldom have occasion to write and is likely only to advantage the commer-

cial houses and bankers, who can well afford to pay the postage."—Vol. iii. p. 355.

His mind could not entertain the idea now expressed by progress: change must be deterioration: and this, because of the narrow range of his sympathies—he could only feel for one class. England was London: the English people were the aristocracy. As Addison says, "What so great a pedant as the mere man of the town?" Is not this a singular sentiment so come into an Englishman's mind, in witnessing antiquities abroad?—

"Italy is the only real sanctuary of the arts in Europe. In viewing the wonders scattered so profusely on her surface, how do all the other nations appear barbarous and devoid of classical knowledge? France may boast her Versailles, and a few monuments copied from her neighbors; England has really nothing. If both these countries were buried in their own ruins for 1000 years, the antiquity of futurity would not find any thing worth the trouble of an excavation."—Vol. iii. p. 405.

Something on a par with this estimate of the architectural monuments of his country, is his view of the manufacturing interests. In speaking of the death of Sir R. Arkwright:—

"His fortune, supposed to be five millions sterling, was entirely made by the spinning jennies, an invention which gave an immense impulse to the cotton manufactures; but which also caused distress among the weaving classes, which England now deplores."—Vol. iv. p. 258.

But Paris and London are Mr. Raikes world. We will not pursue him in any uncongenial region. Indeed, it is time to take leave of him altogether; which we will do with a few miscellaneous anecdotes, which, though admitting of no classification, all leave a kindred impression. To begin with the religion of the old Dowager:—

"The Dowager Duchess of Richmond is given over. I remember a story of her long ago, which, at the time, was often repeated. She went one Sunday with her daughter to the Chapel Royal at St. James's but being late, they could find no places; after looking about some time, and seeing the case was hopeless, she said to her daughter, 'Come away, Louisa; at any rate we have done the civil thing.' This was completely the idea of the card-leaving dowager of her day."—Vol. iv. p. 201.

Or the glimpse we have given us of the hilarity of the same date in the following story. The inane, comic songs of the last century are one of its phenomena: an unwholesome growth of long potations following upon early dinners:—

"In those days singing after dinner formed an essential part of conviviality, and Barrymore, who had a good voice, was always foremost in promoting this incentive to drinking. He had a famous song for this purpose, the chorus of which was 'Chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol-lol de riddle-low,' well known to all his associates. It had never reached the ears, however, of General Sir Alured Clarke, who was very proud of his campaigns in America, and very ready to dilate on the information he had gained concerning the tribes of savage Indians in some of the back settlements. Barrymore once attacked the old General unawares upon this his favorite subject, by an affected desire to obtain some knowledge about them. Thus he began:—'What is the tribe of the Chip Chows?' The old General, taken perhaps by the sound, and whose information might have been rather superficial, began to describe a tribe of savages in a particular district, remarkable for their cruelty and warlike propensities. Seeing that the bait was swallowed, the questioner proceeded with much seeming interest, to inquire, 'What were the Cherry Chows?' These also were described, with other particulars, in the same grave manner, and the addition that they always ate their prisoners. Upon this Barrymore throwing off the mask, burst into a loud, horse-laugh, and said to the astonished General, with an oath, 'And what do you think of the Fol-lol de riddle-lows?' There was then a general burst from the whole room; but Sir Alured, though evidently discomposed, rose from his seat with great dignity, and said to his merciless foe, 'My lord, during all my travels, I have seen few savages so barbarous as yourself,' and leaving the room at once, was never induced to speak to him again."—Vol. iii. pp. 201—203.

Or the secret of political constancy we are favored with, belonging to the same time:

"The late Mr. Fergusson of Pitfour, who had served during a long succession of Parliaments, was wont to say that he had heard very many fine speeches in his time on *baith* sides of the question, and on coming down to the House he had *vary* often changed his opinion, but *naver* his vote."—Vol. iii. pp. 207, 208.

Or the wit: the point of which consists in a delicate outrage on our sense of veneration, as in the *mot* on old Miss Berry, spoken

just after the burning of the Houses of Parliament:

"The other evening, Ischann, the Swiss Minister, said: 'Il y a eu un petit Westminster ce soir chez les Berrys; la manche de Miss Agnès a pris feu à la bougie.' 'En a-t-elle reçu quelque mal?' was asked. He replied, 'Non; dans les deux cas on a sauvé les parchemins.'"—Vol. i. p. 300.

Altogether, we find ourselves so often in a clever world without heart, that we can sympathize with poor Lord Dudley, whose aberration of reason furnished so many good stories, in his address to his dog:

"It was at a time when poor Dudley's mind was on the wane, when his caustic humor would still find vent through the cloud which was gradually overshadowing his masterly intellect; he was sitting in his room, unheeding those around him, and soliloquizing aloud, as was so often his custom. His favorite Newfoundland dog was at his side, who seemed to engross the whole of his attention. At length, patting his head he exclaimed, 'Fido mio, they say dogs have no souls. Humph! And *still* they say—has a soul!'"—Vol. iii. p. 66.

It is hardly needful to say that we have not adduced instances of a selfish, worldly spirit as evidence against any particular period. It is only the mode of their manifestation which is characteristic. What is technically called Society must always have these features; not the individuals that compose it in their private capacity, but in their aggregate and in their external development:—just as Mr. Raikes always saw them. He was not a person for men to open their hearts to: in conversing with him, they felt they were conversing with the world; they recognized him as the type of mere ordinary social intercourse; they interchanged with him the received thoughts, sayings, and doings of the day. But of the nobler aspirations or misgivings, which must with so many break in upon this cold surface, he was never the depository. A hope, a doubt, a sentiment of benevolence, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, would be confided to other ears. To him such confessions would have been unintelligible and embarrassing. Thus he shows us the men of his time: not in their families—not in their homes, and engaged in their duties, and so when their better feelings were at work—but as they formed *one* of the world, and that world in its most organized, most selfish, most callous aspect. There is always such a world: there are always men suited to be its biographers. The costume may vary with the times; but the form and features will remain ever the same.

From The National Magazine.

KITCHEN PHYSIC.

ONE foggy winter morning, about twenty years ago, an elderly man, whose walk and manner still retained much of the activity of earlier days, might have been seen making his way across the Pont Neuf in Paris, and betaking himself, by the Rue Dauphine and the Quai des Grands Augustins, in the direction of the well-known edifice, with its three long parallel galleries, which serves as a market for the sale of game and poultry.

Though the morning was raw and chilly, he wore neither cloak nor over-coat; but appeared rather as though he might have just quitted some evening-party. He was tall, his back slightly rounded by the weight of sixty years; his costume was partly that of an *habitué* of the court, partly that of an officer in the army. His linen, which was remarkably fine and white, displayed a profusion of costly lace; his cravat was of satin, and the rest of his dress of black kerseymeré. It was evident that this early visitant of the poultry-market was no vulgar customer; his small, black eyes were bright and piercing; his lips, though somewhat sensual in expression, would have revealed to a disciple of Lavater a nature both subtle and generous; and his gait and manner were at once those of a man of rank and of a man of the world.

No sooner had he entered the poultry-market than a chorus of welcomes and questions saluted his appearance.

"Good morning, monsieur le marquis," cried one of the market-dames.

"What is monsieur le marquis looking for this morning," demanded a second.

"If monsieur le marquis will give himself the trouble to come this way, I have something that I think will please him," cried a third.

It was evident that the stranger to whom these remarks were addressed could be no other than one of the gastronomic celebrities of the day,—the Marquis de Cussy, formerly chief purveyor to the Emperor Napoleon, and one of the most illustrious gourmands of the nineteenth century. Witty and sceptical, as men of his sybaritic temperament are apt to be, he was by no means deficient in probity or kindness, and never missed an occasion for doing good in his own way to those with whom he was brought

into contact. He had declined all the overtures made to him by those of his friends who had come into power with the restoration but had resumed his post at the Tuileries after the 20th of March. When the news of Waterloo reached him, he was heard to exclaim in bitterness of soul, "*Allons*, my saucepans are all upset again!"

The following year a friend obtained for the ex-purveyor a sinecure of five thousand francs a-year. "I can live upon this sum," he remarked resignedly; "it will find me a crust of bread and a morsel of Gruyère cheese."

"Only one sentence worth listening to has been uttered in modern days," he was accustomed to say, "and that was the remark made by Henrion de Passy: 'I shall believe in progress when I see a cook among the members of the Institute.'"

The Marquis de Cussy lunched at noon and dined at six o'clock. His table was open all the year round to any who demanded his hospitality, and his conversation was as brilliant as his cheer. The fame of his skill and judgment in all matters connected with the table had spread far and wide; and he was overwhelmed with commissions by the most renowned establishments of France and England. In Paris he was constantly being called upon to pronounce on the relative quality of rival culinary preparations; and his word was law in all the markets of the capital, to which he was accustomed to repair very early in the morning, alone, and on foot, as we have seen. He was particularly fond of attacking the principles laid down by his rival in gastronomic renown, Brillat-Savarin, in his treatise on the *Physiology of Taste*. Thus Brillat-Savarin says there ought to be twelve persons at table; the Marquis de Cussy replies, "That is not the right number; the Salernian school, so wise on such subjects, inculcated the principle, 'Never be fewer than the Three Graces; never be more than the Nine Muses.' For my part, I say, 'Be three, six, or nine at table.'" He advised his disciples to drink but a few drops of wine at a time, and was fond of repeating that "the true gourmand would never eat when not hungry." Brillat-Savarin gives two dozen of oysters as the proper allowance for each guest, and advises that they be opened and placed on the table beforehand. "Pro-

fessor," would retort the marquis, "oysters opened beforehand, and perhaps even detached from the shell! Why, such a counsel is the very extreme of barbarism; and I can only excuse you by remembering that you came from an inland department." Brillat-Savarin advises the introduction of mirrors into the dining-room; the marquis insisted upon it: that they were out of place in a refectory, and could only serve to distract the eyes and thoughts of the diners, which ought, on the contrary, to be concentrated on the dinner-table.

Such was the personage whom we have seen entering the poultry-market on the morning in question, with the air of a man who had some very important purchase to make, amidst a salvo of salutations and offers from the presiding genii of the place.

Having bestowed a bow on one of them, a smile on another, a friendly word on a third, and addressed a wave of the hand to them all, the gastronome betook himself to the gallery which was more especially consecrated to the sale of game.

"What is monsieur le marquis in want of this morning?" inquired in coaxing tones one of the sirens of the adjacent stalls. "Is it a partridge or a pair of quails?"

"Not exactly, Madame Barbet; I want something better yet."

"A woodcock, perhaps, monsieur le Marquis, or a string of snipes?"

"No, *mon enfant*; I want a golden pheasant; but it must be a pheasant of the very best quality."

Instantly from stall to stall, these words were transmitted as though they had been a telegraphic despatch: "*Eh, vous autres!* the best pheasant in the market for Monsieur de Cussy!"

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before a superb bird with glittering plumage, passed on from stall to stall from the farthest point of the market, reached the pillar at whose base stood the former purveyor.

"The very thing I wanted," said the marquis, after a rapid glance at the pheasant. Having wrapped his treasure carefully in a newspaper, he took from his purse a piece of gold, paid for the pheasant, saluted the divinities of the market with a bow expressive of the utmost good-humor, and disappeared.

"And now let me hasten to the spot

where I am anxiously looked for," he murmured as he left the market.

When the marquis was gone, the saleswomen could not keep from sundry little conjectures as to the destination of the pheasant. "Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for the English ambassador?" said another. "Perhaps it is for the Baron de Rothschild," suggested a third. "You look a long way off," interposed a fourth; "you forget that the marquis, though not exactly a rich man, is still the most delicate eater in all Paris. The golden pheasant, take my word for it, is for no one but himself!"

All these conjectures were equally wide of the mark. Had the market-women been able to follow the retreating figure of their customer, they would have seen him regain the line of Pont Neuf, and make his way, still on foot, along the Rue Montorgueil, to the other side of the Faubourg Poissonnière; and, after walking for some distance in this direction, turn into the nest of streets, empty and quiet, of the Faubourg Saint-Denis which compose the quarter specially affected to those innumerable petty manufactures usually known as "*Articles de Paris*," and constituting so important an item in the industry of the metropolis. Then, as now, this part of the town was densely peopled by an intelligent and industrious population, occupying an intermediate position between the mere workman and the artist; these narrow streets making up a series of industrial hives in which the carver, the lithographer, the gilder, the musical-instrument-maker, and the manufacturer of every species of fancy-work, carried on their labors. Turning into the Rue Martel, the marquis entered a sordid-looking house, and demanded, "Monsieur Simon Leblanc, the porcelain-painter."

"Fourth story, second door to the left," returned the *concierge*, without raising his eyes from the book at which he was working.

"I know the room," said the marquis in an under-tone, as he climbed the dark and dirty staircase to the apartment of the porcelain-painter.

A week before the marquis had made his way up the dingy stairs for the first time, and since then he had climbed them regularly every day.

A certain prince, whose dominions, like those of so many others, bordered the Rhine,

kept up a regular correspondence with the marquis concerning all the details of his table. This potentate had lately besought his aid under a terrible domestic misfortune that had just overtaken him. His Rhenish highness was the possessor of a very beautiful dinner-service of painted porcelain, two saucers of which had been broken by a lackey during a grand gala-dinner, at which the beautiful service in question had figured to the admiration of all beholders. The service was thus rendered incomplete, and could not be used again unless the two missing pieces could be replaced. In his mis-sive the German highness entreated the marquis to spare neither time, nor efforts, nor money to get the two saucers perfectly matched.

The very day on which he had received the letter, the gastronome had set to work to gratify his princely correspondent, and addressed himself to all the porcelain-painters most in renown. But they were all fully occupied. At Sèvres the workmen were overwhelmed with orders for the court; in all the private workshops the painters were so busy that they would pay no heed to the entreaties of the marquis. He could hear of but one porcelain-painter,—Simon Leblanc, the artisan, or rather, we might say, the *artist*, of the Rue Martel,—through whom there was the slightest chance of obtaining the execution of the prince's order.

"I will go to the Rue Martel," said the rival of Brillat-Savarin.

A week previous to his morning-visit to the poultry-market, the marquis rang at the door of Simon Leblanc. A young woman opened the door. Her face was intelligent and pleasing; but her soft blue eyes had in them an evident expression of sadness, and not a few gray lines silvered her rich chestnut-hair, which was still very beautiful. She was the wife of the painter. The marquis' penetration at once divined the want and suffering that had left their traces on this gentle face.

In few words, and with much kindness of manner, he explained the object of his visit.

"The work I wish to have done," he pursued, "is easy of execution by a painter of your husband's talent, and will be handsomely paid. Do you think he will consent to undertake it?"

The wife seemed to hesitate, and did not reply.

"Two saucers for a prince," he pursued, "and a handful of gold in payment."

She held down her head, too much embarrassed to make any answer.

"Monsieur Simon Leblanc has been mentioned to me as a skilful workman," resumed the marquis, puzzled by the woman's silence.

"Skilful?" she answered, looking up quickly. "O yes, he is very skilful, there is no doubt about that; but unfortunately," she added sadly, "he does not like working."

At this reply, the marquis looked scrutinizingly round the room, and was struck with the indications of sordid poverty visible in every part of it.

"No, he no longer likes to work," resumed the young woman, who had followed his glance through the room, and seemed to divine his thoughts. "No doubt this seems very strange to you, as we are so poor; but it is unfortunately the simple truth." As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor child!" murmured the compassionate marquis.

"Monsieur," said the painter's wife, "you seem to be kind and upright; and this emboldens me to confide to you the whole truth."

"Say on, madame, say on," responded the marquis; "I am ready to listen to all that you will tell me."

"My husband," she resumed, "has not always been an idler. When we were first married, he was the best workman to be found; he was spoken of as a model. What I am going to say will seem to you very strange, but it is true nevertheless. He was made too much of; he was paid too much, and too much petted; it is this that has caused his ruin."

"I confess I do not see how his good-fortune should have had such an effect," replied the marquis.

"You will understand it better when I have finished my story, monsieur," she added, wiping her eyes. "The least stroke of work was largely paid. For a day's labor he got fifty francs; for a night's he got double. Anybody else would have taken advantage of such wages to give himself a good start, and to secure himself a position for the future; but instead of doing this, when Simon found himself earning so easily, he began all at once to spend his money even faster than he earned it."

"But could you do nothing to hinder this wastefulness?" interposed the marquis.

"Ah, monsieur, you little know how slight is the authority of the wife in a working-man's household. The more I preached to him, the more he stayed away from home. At last he would only work two days out of the seven, declaring that what he thus gained was enough for our wants; and by degrees, as he got into the way of frequenting the wine-shop, he quite lost all interest in his work."

Here her tears broke forth anew, causing her to pause in her recital.

"But have you lost all power over your husband?" demanded the marquis. "Could you not induce him to listen to reason, at least when you are at table, together? You should talk to him while you are at dinner, which is the best time you could choose for suggesting good ideas that might not be so well received at any other time."

"He has not taken his meals at home for a very long time, monsieur," rejoined the wife despondently.

"He no longer takes his meals with you! that is indeed a very serious symptom. Has he ever told you why he goes elsewhere for his meals?"

"He says the food is not eatable at home."

"In that case he is perfectly justified in eating elsewhere."

"But whose fault is it, monsieur, if the food is not good at home? Can you make the spit turn without money? For a long time past he has given me nothing for the housekeeping, and of course there is nothing in the larder."

"Perhaps a little gentleness on your part would change his feeling."

"I have worn out all my patience in the effort. Reproaches and entreaties are alike thrown away. I have put up with all this unhappiness and misery for three years, and I am determined to bear it, no longer. I have made up my mind to leave him; and next week I go home to my parents in Brittany. I will work with them, and have no fear but I shall be able to make an honest living."

"What! do you mean to give him up altogether?"

"Altogether. Having once left him, I shall never return. O, if you knew what I have suffered during these three years," she

added, clasping her hands and weeping afresh, "you would not wonder at the resolution I have taken!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed the marquis, who was really touched by the distress of the neglected wife, and the idea of the empty larder; "your position is undoubtedly a very trying one. But take courage. There is a remedy for almost all misfortunes; and I see a very easy and effectual one for yours."

"O, monsieur, would to Heaven it were so! but I think that is impossible," sobbed Madame Leblanc.

"Listen to me, *mon enfant*," continued her visitor. "I am the Marquis de Cussy. People call me the Prince of Gourmands, which is merely a piece of flattery; they ought rather to call me the prince of doctors, which would only be justice. I will cure your husband."

"You, monsieur? And how will you cure him?"

"With the help of my science. But I can do so only on one condition, which is this: you must let me have my own way in everything that I may think necessary to effect his cure."

"Such a condition is too reasonable to be refused, monsieur," replied the wife, who had stopped crying, and was listening with all her ears to the discourse of the marquis.

"I shall begin by writing a few lines to your husband, which you will hand to him as soon as he comes in," pursued the gastronome, as he seated himself at a little table, and wrote with his pencil a few words upon the back of a letter he had taken from his pocket-book. "This is the first of my prescriptions," he continued, as he handed the paper to Madame Leblanc. "Do not forget that it must be followed with the most implicit obedience." And taking up his hat, the marquis bowed smilingly to the painter's wife, and took his departure.

When Simon Leblanc entered his deserted home that evening, his wife handed him the note, which ran as follows:

"I am assured, monsieur, that you are one of the best porcelain-painters in Paris, and the specimens I have seen of your work convince me that you can satisfactorily finish the saucers I leave with this letter, destined to complete a service of which two have been broken, as you will see by the accompanying fragments, which will serve as your patterns. I need not add, that the recompense of this

work will be worthy of your talent and of the exalted station of the personage for whom these saucers are demanded. Money is not the sole consideration with an artist of merit; we shall easily come to an understanding on this point.

Meanwhile, permit me to impose on you one slight condition. For the last fifty years (I am now sixty-five) I have never arranged any matter of business without having previously dined with the other contracting party. I have therefore to inform you that I hereby invite myself to dine with you to-morrow,—a family-dinner, with you and your wife.

MARQUIS DE CUSSEY."

"What an odd sort of a customer!" said the porcelain-painter to himself, as he perused the missive; "a marquis that invites himself to dine in a garret where there is not a mouthful to eat. But I like his free-and-easy sort of way. Let him come; and we'll see what can be done." So saying, Simon Leblanc began to examine the broken china left by the marquis. "Two saucers like these will take eight days to finish," he remarked musingly; "a wearisome job. But we'll think about it to-morrow."

Next morning, on awaking, the saucers were the first things he thought of.

"Deuce take the man and his letter!" he exclaimed. "If he had only left the order, I should just have left him and his saucers to look after themselves; but what can one do when a marquis not only gives one an order, but invites himself to dine with one this very evening?"

During the whole of the morning the painter remained at home, wandering restlessly in and out of the little room in which he used to work in the happier days that seemed to have gone by forever. About noon he began to prepare his colors; before long he was busy sketching his patterns. His wife, who could hardly believe her eyes, watched him anxiously, but said nothing.

As the clocks in the neighborhood were striking two, the painter's bell rang, and the marquis appeared.

"*Ma foi*," cried he holding out his hand to the painter, "I am come early, as you see, for I was impatient to make your acquaintance. Allow me to compliment you very sincerely on your promptitude," he continued, seeing that the painter was already at work; "it is an excellent sign, and you shall be immediately rewarded for the alacrity with which you have met my wishes. You are

wondering what your reward will be? An excellent appetite, which I promise you beforehand; for, you remember, we are going to dine together; and I have no hesitation in saying that our dinner will be worth eating."

"I should be only too glad to be able to offer you such a dinner, monsieur le marquis," replied the porcelain-painter; "but, I am sorry to say, you have chosen a wrong place to look for any thing eatable. Poor people like us have no larger to boast of. But I will take you to the tavern, and we will do the best we can there."

"Much obliged to you," returned the marquis. "In all Paris there are but one or two eating-houses where a man of taste could manage to make a dinner, and they are too far off. No, Monsieur Leblanc, we shall dine here, in your own dining-room; and we shall dine well, you may take my word for it."

"But, monsieur le marquis," objected the young wife, with an air of evident embarrassment.

"Give yourself no trouble about the matter, my child; I take the whole affair upon myself. Have you any charcoal?"

"Even so poor a kitchen as ours is sure to have *that*, monsieur le marquis," answered the hostess, still rather uneasy.

"Very good. The rest is my affair," continued the marquis, as the bell rang once more, and a tall lackey, in a gay livery, entered the painter's apartment, panting under the weight of a great hamper, heavily laden with provisions of various kinds, and a number of bottles, whose resined corks and dusty cobwebs proclaimed the quality of the precious liquor they contained.

"I must let you into the secret of some of my ways, my children," pursued the gastronome. "I am not only a professed lover of good cheer, but I have also the right to call myself an excellent cook." And so saying, he took of his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves, with an evident intention of affording ocular demonstration of the truth of his claim to all whom it might concern. "As for you, Monsieur Leblanc," he continued, turning to the porcelain-painter, who was looking on with a face expressive of amusement and interest, "I beg you will not let my presence disturb you in the work you have undertaken. Return to your business,

my dear sir, and leave me to mine. When I have finished my labors, I will let you know."

The marquis, having unpacked the hamper with the aid of his servant and the painter's wife, now betook himself to the little kitchen, and began to make the fires for his contemplated operations.

"Monsieur le marquis," said the young woman, "I cannot allow you—"

"To make the fire myself? But do you not know that the making of the fire is not an unimportant point in the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal or a little less is by no means a trifle; and no one but myself knows just what the quantity should be. Besides," he added, in a whisper, "you remember our agreement: I am here as a doctor; let me cure my patient in my own way."

"If monsieur le marquis is really determined to do every thing himself, I have nothing more to say; but I hope he will at least suffer me to make myself useful under his direction," replied Madame Leblanc, with a grateful smile.

At dusk, the marquis' preparations being finished, the painter was summoned to dinner. He could hardly credit his senses when he crossed the threshold of his humble dining-room. Thanks to the provident forethought of the marquis, and the zealous aid of his wife, this room, whose cheerlessness he had taken in horror, resorting to the wine-shop for the spurious substitution it offered in place of the comfort his home no longer afforded him, looked as neat and as pleasant as possible. A bright wood-fire was crackling and blazing on the hearth, making the faded and threadbare curtains, cosily drawn across the window, look as good as new in its ruddy glow. The little round table was covered with a snowy cloth, and for each of the three dinner-companions was laid a handsome cover, with plates of Sèvres china, flanked by goblets of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup that was sending forth a most appetizing aroma, and sundry small *hors-d'œuvres* of equally agreeable promise.

But if the appearance of the repast was satisfactory and inviting, what shall be said of the viands of which it was composed? Some things are beyond the reach of descrip-

tion, and the marquis' cookery was one of these.

"Let me tell you my children," said the marquis, as the soup was removed and the succeeding dishes were placed upon the table,—“let me tell you that the king himself will not set down this evening to a better dinner than ours."

"That is just what I was saying to myself," exclaimed the porcelain-painter, in the enthusiasm of his satisfaction. "But, monsieur le marquis, how can it be possible to give such a wonderful flavor to every thing?"

"So you find my cookery tolerable, do you?" returned the gastronome with a smile of gratified vanity.

"I never dreamt of any thing half so delicious," responded the painter.

"Good! then we will make another attempt to-morrow," cried the marquis gaily.

The porcelain-painter, deeming it incumbent upon him to protest against a repetition of the marquis' generosity, endeavored to bring out a sentence deprecating the trouble that such a proceeding on his part would cause to him; but it may fairly be doubted whether his protestations were altogether sincere.

"Give yourself no concern about my 'trouble,' as you call it," replied the marquis good-humoredly; "for it is all done with a view to my own interests. I am most impatient to possess myself of the two saucers; and I know, by my own experience, that nothing helps forward any sort of labor so effectually as the certainty of sitting down to a good dinner when one's task is over. And besides, I am not sorry to be on the spot, and to see for myself how the work gets on."

Things went on in this manner for four days; Simon Leblanc working steadily all day long, and dining like a prince of the blood in the evening.

By the end of the fourth day, the porcelain-painter was astonished to find something of his former liking for his work coming back to him. His work-room seemed to have grown less disagreeable; his brushes, his palette, and all the details of his occupation, began to exercise something of their old charm over his mind; and he might have been heard to murmur, while painting busily, "If one were only sure of having a good dinner in one's own home at the end of a day's work!"

- When the marquis was leaving that evening, after they had again partaken, as usual, of an excellent repast, the young wife followed him to the door, and whispered, "I really think that Simon is beginning to forget the road to the tavern."

"He will have forgotten it altogether a few days hence, *mon enfant*," replied the marquis with a smile.

He was already meditating the preparation of a golden pheasant, a *chef-d'œuvre* of culinary skill and perfection, on which he counted for the completion of the cure he had undertaken to effect. It was the execution of this project which took the marquis, two days afterwards, to the poultry-market, as we have seen.

When the marquis entered the painter's apartment, he found the little rooms decked out as for a festival. Madame Leblanc had been busy all the morning in putting the place into apple-pie order. The floors had been waxed, and the furniture subjected to a thorough dusting and rubbing. Clean white muslin-blinds were to be seen in the windows; the brass knobs of the andirons were shining in brilliant rivalry with the gleaming of the fire; and bunches of asters and chrysanthemums filled the little china jars upon the mantel-piece.

"This evening I shall deliver to you the two saucers, monsieur le marquis," exclaimed Simon Leblanc in an exultant tone, as he came forward quickly to welcome his kindly guest.

"And this evening we shall also eat our best dinner," returned the latter, shaking the porcelain-painter cordially by the hand.

Both parties kept their word. That evening, as the church-clocks were striking five, Simon Leblanc quitted his workroom, and placed the two saucers in the Marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, *mon enfant*, for it is a master-piece," said M. de Cussy, as he examined the two beautiful saucers with the eye of a connoisseur. "And now let me show you mine," he added, as he led the way to the dinner-table, and showed him the golden pheasant, worthily displayed in a silver chafing-dish.

"He cannot resist the action of such a medicament as *that*!" whispered the marquis triumphantly to Madame Leblanc, as he seated himself at the table between her and her husband.

The gastronomer was right in his calculations.

"I shall never be able to eat again at that horrible tavern," cried the porcelain-painter, when the dessert was being placed upon the table.

"What! is he cured already?" cried his little wife, whose pretty blue eyes were filling with joyful tears.

"Yes, he is already cured, *mon enfant*," replied the ex-purveyor; "but the permanence of the cure will depend upon your being able to continue the treatment I have begun. And now let me offer you something that will help you to do so," he continued, as he took from his pocket-book a bank-note for a thousand francs, which he placed in the hands of the painter's wife. "It is the price of the two saucers," he added, as the painter and his wife uttered an exclamation of surprise at the largeness of the sum of which they now found themselves the possessors. "The prince for whom they are destined will not think I have paid too much for a piece of work that has been so perfectly and so promptly executed."

The porcelain-painter having thus happily returned into the right path, was never again tempted to quit it. He became as steady in his work as he was skilful; and his wife, being now furnished with the means of providing for the comfort of her husband, made excellent use of the marquis's teachings. They were soon able to remove into a better apartment; Madame Leblanc taking good care to make it so comfortable, that her husband was never again tempted to leave his own table or his own fireside. Simon Leblanc became very famous in his art, and eventually amassed a good deal of money.

When the Marquis de Cussy was attacked by the malady which terminated his days, he one day received a present of a very beautiful porcelain cup, on which was painted a golden pheasant. This cup was accompanied by a note containing these words: "To my doctor, to help him to take his herbe-tea."

To those who inquired what could be intended by the sending of this cup, he would reply:

"It is a memorial of the most perfect piece of cooking, and the most successful cure, I have ever accomplished in the whole course of my life."

In his will, the marquis bequeathed this cup to one of his nephews, by whom it is carefully preserved as a heir-loom.

From The National Era.
THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY J. G. W.

PIPES of the misty moorland,
Voice of the glen and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains, dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

Day by day, the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said,
"To-morrow, death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

O! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true:
"Dinna ye hear it?—'tis the slogan!
Will ye no believe it noo?"

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's—
The grandest o' them all!"
O! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
"God be praised!—The march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,

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Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blue!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Round red Dowlah's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drum
Rose that sweet and homelike strain,
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes of Lucknow played!

THE COOL OF THE MORNING.

Low, as I loved in childhood well,
The lips of waves that fling
On tawny sand the pearly shell,
Are murmuring

From bay so marbled, that one light
Curl on it hardly shows;
Its boundaries with the sphere unite
In mist that glows.

The gathering ardors of the Noon,
The storms that Eve may scare,
The solemn pageant of the Moon,
Are folded there.

Here children play, and counterfeit
The golden shows of life,—
Nor guess how parching Passion's heat,
How wild the strife!

How long and weariful their day
To mortals may be given!
How sweet, and grand, and far away,
Are the eyes of Heaven.

C. B. KATLEY.

LINES.

BY R. C. TRENCH.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make—
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower,
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and
clear;
We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of
power!
Why, therefore should we do ourselves this
wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overcome with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with
Thee.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Histoire des Livres Populaires, ou de la Littérature du Colportage, depuis le XV^{me} Siècle jusqu' à l'Établissement de la Commission de l'Examen des Livres du Colportage (30 Novembre 1852.) Par M. Charles Nisard, Secrétaire-adjoint de la Commission. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1854.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this History of popular literature is exclusively French, it is impossible not to regard it as full of significance in reference to the same important class of publications in England. The laws which regulate the popular mind follow everywhere the same general analogies. Ignorance and superstition may be everywhere traced to the same sources; and the revolting examples of both which have come to light in the course of more than one criminal trial in England during the last year, are a painful evidence of the prevalence among ourselves of the same causes which are disclosed in M. Nisard's publication.

Few, even amongst the best informed readers of the literature of the day, will be prepared for the fact, that, side by side with the known productions of the press of Paris, there has existed from time immemorial in France another, and in its own sphere, hardly less influential, literature, addressing a totally different public, enjoying a separate and peculiar circulation, and possessing an organization, both for production and for distribution, almost entirely independent of the ordinary machinery of literary commerce. Still less will they be prepared to learn that the number of volumes thus annually put into circulation throughout the length and breadth of France, amounts to *nearly ten millions*, at prices ranging from a franc down to a sous; or for the still more extraordinary fact, that, among this enormous number, with the exception of a few of the modern novels, hardly a single volume—at least in the form in which it is circulated by the hawkers—is the production of any writer whose works have ever attracted the attention of our readers. So that we are led to the singular conclusion that a *substratum* of publications, of enormous extent, supplies the demand and feeds the curiosity of the lower orders, utterly unconnected with the higher creations of French genius, coarser in form and in substance, and very slightly affected by the vicissitudes of taste and opinion.

Such is the "*Littérature du Colportage*"—for more than three centuries almost the sole intellectual nutriment of the rural population of France, and of that large section of the population of towns and cities who retain, unchanged and unmodified, all their provincial habits, peculiarities, and prejudices. Isolated, like the primitive class to whose rude tastes it ministers, from all the influences of the age, a large body of this literature has remained for three centuries almost entirely unimproved; whatever of modern infusion may, from time to time, have been introduced, has insensibly glided into the old channels; and of very many of the books now actually in circulation, it is no exaggeration to say, that (allowing for certain inevitable disparities) they are all but identical with their predecessors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the same in subject-matter, the same in spirit and tone, the same in form of publication, the same even in the mechanical details of typography; the very texture and color of the old paper is retained, and the illustrations presented in each successive year are exact reproductions of the rude wood-cuts which adorned the original impressions.

Strange and inexplicable as this immobility may at first sight appear, it is a natural consequence of the habits and position of the class to which these rude publications are addressed, and will be found, in a greater or less degree, to characterise the rustic literature of most countries. The *Volks-bücher* of the Germans bear a striking similarity to the "*Livres Populaires*" described by M. Nisard; and, like them, have been reproduced for successive generations with hardly a pretence of alteration. The same books, with a few local or national peculiarities, are found to have been current for immemorial years, in the other continental countries—Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and even Switzerland. Many of the very same publications still maintain their old popularity among ourselves, against all the attractions of our various societies for the diffusion of knowledge; and, not to speak of "*Prophetic Almanacs*," "*Celestial Intelligencers*," and similar works, it may be said that the most popular in some respects of all the almanacs in use among our people—the well-known "*Moore's Almanac*"—is not, in its issue for the present year, many steps of real pro-

gress in advance of the "Shepherds' Kalender" printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1493.

It would be a highly interesting study to trace, as has already been done for several of these countries separately, the general analogies of the "People's Books" of the various nations, eastern and western; and to determine how far each has influenced or been influenced by the other. But M. Nisard's plan, which was directed towards one specific object, did not include any such inquiry. He confines himself to the popular books of France, and indeed chiefly to their actual condition and character as they are in circulation at the present day.

With that superior energy and decision which, whatever be its other characteristics, have marked the administration of the present Emperor of the French, a commission was issued (on the 30th November, 1852), by M. Maupas, the Minister of Police, with power to call in and examine all the books that form part of that body of cheap literature which is circulated by *colportage*. It is hardly necessary to say, that by *colportage* is meant the system of licensed hawking or peddling, by which, in France, as in other countries, the secluded districts are supplied with the various commodities which form the object of this primitive species of locomotive trade. Among these the little books already referred to constitute a very notable item; and their production is a special branch of the book-trade in France. The publishing for *colportage* is carried on not so much in Paris, as in three or four great provincial centres, Troyes, Chatillon-sur-Seine, Nancy, Montpellier and Epinal; between these various establishments an active rivalry has been maintained, marked by all the same features which characterise a higher book-trade,—piracies, injunctions, questions of copyright, and angry suits at law. In two of these great dépôts at Troyes, some of the publications were supplied to customers not by number but by weight;—almanacs being actually sold by the kilogramme!

The reader may imagine the excitement and alarm produced in these primitive regions by the first injunction issued under the Imperial Commission, requiring that all books designed for sale through the *colportage* should be forthwith sent in for examination; accompanied by a notification that,

henceforward, in addition to the hawker's licence already required for his general trade, every book offered by him for sale should be provided with a special stamp of authorization! Books came pouring in with a rapidity which those will best understand who have seen, under any of the arbitrary governments abroad, how the habitually tardy operations of individual enterprise are quickened by the impulse of an order from the higher powers. M. Nisard (who, indeed, maintains a studied reserve on many very important particulars) does not state the exact number; but we learn from a very interesting lecture "On the Home Education of the Poor," delivered some time since at St. Martin's Hall, by Cardinal Wiseman (to whom M. Nisard had supplied this and other details), that, before the date of that lecture, no less than 7500 books had been submitted to the judgment of the Commission!

Of course, M. Nisard's analysis extends but to a small proportion of this enormous collection; but, as he has reduced them all to classes, and has selected out of each class the most popular and the most characteristic, his account may be regarded as a sufficiently satisfactory sample. Indeed, the number of books actually described by him, amounts to no less than 460; comprising every variety of form, from the old-fashioned 4tos of the sixteenth century, down to the almost microscopic one sous volumes in 64mo, which the necessities of modern competition have forced into circulation.

The number and variety of almanacs which jostle each other in the hawkers' book-market is almost beyond belief. M. Nisard enumerates no less than one hundred,* the names of which alone would form a study in themselves—almanacs of every variety of form; large almanacs and small almanacs; single, double, and triple almanacs—almanacs, again, of every political hue, as the National, Imperial, Constitutional, Republican, and Red; and almanacs of no political hue at all, as M. Pagnerre's "National, qui ne contient rien de politique;" almanacs for every class and profession; as pocket almanacs and fireside almanacs; almanacs for town, and almanacs for country; shepherds' almanacs, soldiers'

* Of these, fully nine-tenths are issued from the provincial publishing establishments at Troyes, Epinal, Nancy, Chatillon-sur-Seine—only ten being published in Paris.

almanacs, traders' almanacs, farmers' almanacs, lovers' almanacs;—almanacs of the most opposite character; as the "Anabaptiste" and the "St. Vincent de Paul," the "Almanach du Crime," and the "Almanach des Bons Conseils," the "Bon Ermite," and the "Bon Vivant!"

Among the locally designated almanacs, the "Liégeois" is the most ancient, as it is also the basis of most of the others. Many, indeed, of those enumerated by M. Nisard under very different designations, are in reality but varieties of the "Almanach-souche." It is found in a multitude of various forms,—the "Petit Liégeois," the "Double Liégeois," "Très Double Liégeois," "Véritable Double Liégeois," "Triple Liégeois," and "Véritable Triple Liégeois." Of these the first, or "Petit Liégeois," is by far the most extensively circulated. The earliest edition of which any trace can be found, is that of 1636, and the name of its compiler, the venerable Matthew Laensberg (who may be regarded as the Moore of French almanacs), still figures upon the title-page of each successive yearly issue.† The "Liégeois" almanacs, however variously designated, are all 24mo; the variety of name, double, triple, &c., arising solely from the number of their pages. In part, the contents of all are, of course, the same; consisting of the ordinary topics which, in all countries, constitute the essentials of an almanac,—as the calendar, the church festivals, solar and lunar tables, lists of fairs and markets, public offices, &c. But, besides this, they all contain, according to their various dimensions, a greater or less amount of miscellaneous information,—astrological predictions, weather table, horoscopes, agricultural precepts, riddles, inter-

† M. Nisard, not finding, among the Liégeois almanacs submitted to the Commission, nor in the collections which he had the opportunity of examining, any edition printed at Liège itself, expresses an opinion (which he afterwards modifies) that this almanac never was printed at Liège at all. This, if true, would be not the least singular circumstance in the history of these curious little serials. But it is not true. It had been regularly printed at Liège for a long series of years, by a family named Bourguignon, the widow of one of whom sold the proprietorship of it to the present proprietor, P. J. Collardin; and the edition now before us (1843) contains a formal declaration, signed by Vve. C. Bourguignon, attesting that she has transferred to him the copyright, together with "the precious documents which secure to this publication the success that it has constantly enjoyed since its first appearance at the commencement of the 17th century."

pretations of dreams, anecdotes, tales, culinary recipes, medical prescriptions,—odds and ends, in a word, of the most motley character,—

"Beginning with the laws that keep
The radiant planets in their courses;
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses."

The portion of their contents, however, which chiefly interests us, as illustrating the moral and intellectual condition of the public among which they circulate, is the prophetic or astrological department. How far the faith of the purchasers responds to the pretensions of the prophet, it is, of course, difficult to pronounce. Many readers, no doubt, regard the predictions simply in the light of a jest, but there can be no doubt, too, that a large amount of credit still clings to them among the rural population. M. Nisard reports, not only that the circulation of these prophetic almanacs far exceeds that of the non-prophetic class, but also that one publication conducted on the opposite principle, and designed to counteract their evil tendency and to discredit their absurd pretensions, has proved a complete failure. As regards the views of the compilers themselves, several of them, it is true, put forward their predictions in a light and playful spirit, and, indeed, without the least attempt to conceal their own consciousness of the absurdity. But the majority of them, on the other hand, make it equally plain that they desire to be seriously understood and implicitly believed. It is still seriously related of Nostradamus (the great prophet of one class of the almanacs) that he distinctly foretold, long before either event, the death of Henry II. and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, although the latter did not occur till six years after the death of the prophet. The well-known anecdote of Madame Dubarry's downfall * is still appealed to in confirmation of the veracity of Matthew Laensberg, the Liégeois oracle.

One of the most curious circumstances of

* In the "Liégeois" for 1774, under the predictions for April, one was to the effect that "une dame des plus favorisées jouera son dernier rôle." Mme. Dubarry did her best to have the almanac suppressed, and frequently expressed an uneasy wish that "ce vilain mois d'avril" was past. In the beginning of May Louis XV. took the small pox and died after a very brief illness; and the consequent ruin of the "Dame Favorisée's" fortunes established those of the Liégeois oracle more, firmly than ever.

these predictions is, that, by a strange fiction, they are all ascribed to one of three mysterious individuals, whom popular tradition believes to

"Have learned the art which none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea;"—

Michael Nostradamus, Matthew Laensberg, and Joseph Moul; and even now the predictions of each successive year profess to be printed from certain "precious documents" which were left behind by these worthies, and which are still declared to be in the possession of the fortunate almanac-makers.* Now, of these three reputed prophets, although the first, Nostradamus, is a historical character, the existence of the second, Laensberg, is much more than problematical, and the third, Moul, is certainly a myth. Nostradamus was a crazy physician of St. Rémi, who published, during his lifetime, a collection of wild and fantastic "Predictions" which secured for him a brilliant reception in the superstitious court of Catherine de Medici, and have been the foundation of the very questionable celebrity which he has since enjoyed. Laensberg's admirers describe him as "a learned canon of St. Bartholomew's at Liège, about the beginning of the seventeenth century;" but, unluckily for the pretension, no such name is found in the list of canons of St. Bartholomew, either then or at any other period. And (most unhappy fate of all) the redoubted "Joseph Moul," when his claims are tried by the test of history, dwindles down, from a mighty enchanter,—

"Who, when in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame,"—

into an obsolete French adverb! An ignorant copyist transformed the original title of the almanac: "Prophéties de Thomas I. (Illyric) MOULT utiles" ("the very useful Prophecies of Thomas Illyricus," from which, originally in Italian, the so-called "Moul" is a translation), into the "Prophéties de THOMAS JOSEPH MOULT, utiles;" ("the useful Prophecies of Thomas Joseph MOULT!")†

* Thus the "Liégeois," year after year, professes in its title-page to be "supporté pour le méridien de Liège par Matthieu Laensberg, mathématicien" (though he is said to have lived in the beginning of the 17th century); and the deed of transfer of the copyright of this almanac (which is printed on the reverse title) includes the "documents précieux qui assurent à cet annuaire le succès dont il a constamment joui," and which profess to be the MSS. of Matthew Laensberg!

† We need hardly wonder at this transformation,

Another very curious branch of information assiduously cultivated in the more ancient of these publications, is the science of astrological influences, or of the control which the planets exercise over the destinies of man, and the means by which their evil tendencies may be counteracted, and their salutary action usefully turned to account. With this view a set of very singular diagrams (one of which bears a striking resemblance to the picture of Gulliver tied down by the Lilliputians) has been devised, representing by lines and figures the various planetary influences which rule the several organs of the human frame. Thus Aries rules the head and face, Taurus the throat and neck, Gemini the arms and hands, and so on for the rest. The object of these strange diagrams, therefore, is to point out at a glance, "the several parts of the human frame with which the planets are respectively related and over which they rule, in order to guard us against touching with the iron, or opening with the lance, the veins which proceed therefrom, at a time when the planets severally related to these parts may be in conjunction with another malignant planet, and not rather waiting for a good planet which may serve to countervail its malignity." (Vol. i. p. 128.)

The almanac which deals most largely in this branch of science is the lineal descendant of the earliest known representative of this species of literature—the "Shepherds' Almanac;" one edition of which, with the date 1493, is still preserved, but which is believed to have been in existence long before that year. The "Shepherds' Almanac" will be best imagined if the reader picture to himself an almanac which was originally designed for a non-reading public, and in which the simple and primitive information is mainly conveyed, not by words or letters, but by symbols and pictorial representations. The symbols are in part arbitrary, but they are generally derived from some resemblance to the object which they are meant to represent. The days of the month are represented by the symbol or the portrait of the Saint of the day; and the information regarding each day is communicated

when we recollect that the learned and sagacious Dr. Dibdin himself transforms the obsolete adverb "jouste" (from the Latin *juxta*) into the name of a printer, and cautions his readers against the edition of Bassompierre's Mémoires "by Jouste!" (*Library Companion*, p. 513.)

in the form of some natural or conventional emblem. Thus the phases of the moon are indicated by circles, crescents, reversed crescents, oblique crescents, &c. Sundays are marked by a cross; working-days by a triangle. Days favorable for the operation of bleeding are registered by a star; days favorable for cupping, by a rude cupping-glass; days when we may safely take pills, by a circle with diameters intersecting at right angles. If the hair may be cut, you see a pair of scissors; if the nails may be pared, a hand. Safe days for operating on the eyes are shown by an eye; days for agricultural labor, by a hoe; for cutting trees, by a hatchet; and so on for the other prescriptions or representations.

This singular calendar appears to be no longer published separately; but it is still preserved as a part of some of the other Almanacs. The "Messagers Boiteux" reprint it regularly, year after year. M. Nisard says that the Liégeois have begun to omit it; but this can only be true of the Liégeois published in France. The "Liégeois" almanacs of Liege, now before us, all reproduce at full length, not only this part of the ancient Shepherds' Almanac, but all the other characteristics of that most primitive publication.

Turning to M. Nisard's second head, sciences and Arts, under which one naturally expects to find information as to the state of scientific knowledge among the patrons of the *littérature du colportage*, it is amusing to find that the "sciences" to which M. Nisard refers are those of magic, astrology, divination, chiromancy, oneiromancy, and the minor departments of supernatural study,—such as the oracle, the art of cup-tossing, &c., nor is there any branch of this entire literature which enjoys a wider and more steady popularity.

Magic is divided into two kinds, *Magie Blanche* and *Magie Noire*. M. Nisard does not explain the distinction; but we trust we shall not trespass on the privileges of the initiated, if we venture a conjecture that by the former is meant the science founded upon the hidden, but yet lawful use of the secrets of nature, whereas the latter necessarily involves an unlawful commerce with the world below. The latter science, we regret to say, is by far the more popular

of the two. The principal books in this department circulated by the *colporteurs*, are the "Grand Grimoire;" the *Enchiridion Leonis Papæ*;" the "Triangle des Pactes;" the "Secrets du Grand Albert;" the "Secrets du Petit Albert;" and the "Monde Enchanté."

The name *Grimoire* seems to be a corruption of the title of the analogous Italian collection called *Rimario*; a collection of rhymes (*rime*) or spells, from which it is in great part compiled. M. Nisard gives a full analysis of the contents of this *Grimoire*. Perhaps it will be enough for our purpose to extract an entry from what we may call the "Red Book" of the world below, containing an enumeration of the Grand Staff of the Satanic army. From this we learn that it consists of three superior spirits,—Emperor Lucifer, Prince Belzebub, and Grand Duke Astaroth; together with five inferior officials,—Lucifuge, prime minister; *Satanachia*, general-in-chief; Fleuretty, lieutenant-general; Sargatanus, brigadier; and Nebiros, field-marshal. We shall not trouble the reader with the names of eighteen subordinates who are under the command of those already enumerated; but, as it may interest him to know the special departments intrusted to each of the great officers, we shall briefly say, that the Prime Minister Lucifuge has power over the wealth and treasures of the world; General Satanachia is the special ruler of the fair sex, old and young; Lieutenant-General Fleuretty "has power to do whatever one wishes at night, and can cause hail to fall wherever he pleases;" Brigadier Sargatanas "can render men invisible, can transport them to distant places, open locks, &c.;" and Marshall Nebiros "can cause evil to befall any one he pleases, enable us to find the Hand of Glory, predict future events, and teach us all secrets, whether of the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal world." (Vol. i. p. 165.) It is plain that, under the patronage of one or other of these great powers, almost every conceivable magical operation may be successfully conducted. The manner of conducting each successfully is detailed in other smaller publications, which describe the process to be followed in executing the several spells; the most powerful of which are known under the name of the "Red Dragon," the "Black Hen," the

"Hand of Glory," and the "Thundering Wand." Should the reader feel disposed to try his hand upon any one of these, or upon any one of the varieties of compacts enumerated in the "Triangle des Pactes," he will find in M. Nisard's book full details not alone of the marvellous virtues which they possess, but of the whole form to be observed in order to avoid danger and to insure success; the form of compact to be entered into; the terms on which the spirit is to be compelled to the will of the operator; the devices by which his malignant schemes may be evaded; and the incantation by which he may be safely "laid," when he shall have fulfilled the operator's behests.

The "Grand Grimoire," the "Triangle des Pactes," and the "Véritable Dragon Rouge," are all avowedly systems of Black or unlawful magic. On the contrary, the "Enchiridion Leonis (III.) Papæ," and the "Manual of Pope Honorius" (the former translated from the Latin,) two little volumes absurdly attributed to the Popes whose names they bear, are a singular mixture of magic and religion; consisting, for the most part, of the strangest of travesties of church prayers and other sacred formularies. The formularies thus travestied are in the main a mere jargon of unmeaning words; but they are commended as infallible talismans against all imaginable evils. One of them, for instance, consists of a long string of so-called names (many of them utter nonsense) of our Lord; another, of similar names of the Blessed Virgin, the wearing of which is declared to be an infallible safeguard for the bearer, whether by sea or land. Then come charms against various evils. Thus against the falling sickness: "Whisper into the ear of the patient these words,—*Gaspar fert myrrham, thus Melchoir, Balthasar aurum*; and he will rise up instantly. In order to cure him radically, you must get three iron nails, the length of his little finger. Bury them deeply in the place of his first fall, and over each of them name the patient's name."

M. Nisard professes himself unable to divine what is the object of a charm which is prescribed (vol. i. p. 189.) to be used *pour*

* This work deserves to be more popular than any of its competitors, as it comes into the field armed with a solemn authentication, confirmed by the autograph of "*Lucifuge Rofocale himself*." See this curious autograph in fac-simile, vol. i. p. 177.

être dur, "in order to become hard." We have seen it suggested that *dur* means "bullet-proof." At all events here it is:—"Write upon two separate billets in your own blood as follows: on the first, *Ranuc, Malior*; on the second, *Hora consummatum est, in te confedo* (sic.) *Satana*. You must swallow one of these, and wear the other round your neck."

Another popular book with the *colportage* is the "Monde Enchanté," chiefly compiled from Bekker's well-known but prolix treatise on Demonology, or rather from the French translation of it. The "Monde Enchanté," although but a summary of the subject, yet enters into details which no doubt will astonish the reader unlearned in supernatural lore. It reviews minutely all the different classes of demons; discriminates their characters, functions, and habits; and describes particularly their great festival, well known by the name of the Witches' Sabbath; and although the author confesses that the number of devils is so large as to render it at first sight impossible to be accurately ascertained, yet he assures us that "a man who had specially applied himself to the inquiry, at last succeeded in determining it with precision;" having discovered their number with as perfect accuracy as though he had counted them over one by one, and passed them in review before him. "The writer," he adds, "assures us that he has ascertained their number to be (errors excepted) seven million, four hundred and four thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six!"

A set-off against all these demoralizing extravagancies was attempted in a caricature of their absurdity, entitled "*Histoire de M. Oufle, ou l'Incrédulité et la Mécérance aux sortilèges aux diables, magiciens, &c.*," con vaincue par *èles crits des anciens cabalistes et démonographes*." But M. Nisard is obliged to confess, that it is less popular and less extensively circulated than the "*Petit Albert*," the "Grand Grimoire," and its other rivals of "the dusty art."

The jest-books, books of anecdotes, and facetiæ of the *colportage*, do not appear to be specially characteristic. They seem closely to resemble our own collections of the same character. The great heroes of these anecdotes, though in very different ways, are the Duc de Roquelaure, a kind of French

Laird of Logan, who flourished in the court of the Grand Monarque, and died in 1683, and a more plebeian humorist, M. Briole, who lived in the following century. A large proportion of the anecdotes relating to the former are licentious in the extreme.

There is a good deal of genuine humor, not unmingled, however, with profanity, in many of the compositions described in the chapter on "Discourses, Funeral Orations," &c. Most of these are the productions of a so-called "Academy of Troyes"—an association of humorists just such as would have gladdened Swift's heart to contemplate—which was established in that city, about the middle of the last century, chiefly under the inspiration of the celebrated advocate J. P. Grosley, best known to English scholars by his learned essay on the pretended Spanish conspiracy against Venice in 1618. Like many similar aspirants, the academicians of Troyes failed completely in their own country; but, venturing to submit the fruit of their lucubrations to the more enlightened judgment of the literary *salons* of Paris, their "*Mémoires*" were at once rewarded with a popularity the echo of which is still heard in the *colportage*.

One of the most curious samples of this species of composition is the "*Testament et dernières Paroles de Michel Morin*." Morin is described as beadle of the church of Beauséjour in Nicardy. In the hands of the witty author he is made the Don Quixote or Friar Gerund of the age of panegyrics; and his character and history are used as the vehicle of a most amusing caricature of the fulsome oratory which it was the fashion of the time to lavish upon the memory of the most commonplace and even the most worthless, provided they had left wealth enough to cover their poverty of reputation. There is a "*Sermon in Proverbs*," too, the great merit of which consists in stringing together in logical sequence a series of the most motley and unconnected adages, so as to produce an orderly and intelligible discourse. The effect is extremely curious, and reminds one forcibly, although in a different order, of the oddities of the well-known German preacher, Abraham de Sancta Clara, whose peculiarities Schiller has successfully imitated in the discourse of his Capuchin in "*Wallenstein's Lager*."

Two very long chapters are devoted to the books of the *colportage* which relate to

"*Religion et Morale*," and Religious Poetry. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the books comprised under these denominations constitute the real popular religious literature of France. That literature forms a perfectly distinct department. It possesses a special and independent organization, under the direction of the clergy; nor was it comprehended among the objects to which the Commission du Colportage was charged to apply itself. The literature submitted to the Commission and described by M. Nisard, though it comprises some unexceptionable books, is for the most part of a far lower and coarser stamp. Very many of the books do not pretend in the least to the devotional character; where they make such pretension, the devotion is generally of a very low and questionable type, and abounds with apocryphal histories and meaningless legends; the moral teaching, when it seeks to be practical, often descends into dangerous and objectionable details; and, in a word, the general tendency of the class is towards a hard and vulgar formalism. We learn, indeed, from M. Nisard that the great majority of them are discountenanced by the clergy, although they maintain a clandestine popularity among the rude and superstitious peasantry, to the partial exclusion of the sounder literature which the clergy seek to encourage.

The "*Religious poetry*" of the *colportage* deserves a separate article. It remained, with hardly an exception, the very same for centuries, and most of the pieces which M. Nisard describes, date from the fifteenth century, and perhaps even earlier. Not that there does not exist in the religious literature of France any poetry of more modern origin. On the contrary, there is no country where it is more abundant; every diocese has its own hymn book, every religious association its own collection of *cantiques*. But none of these, although some of them, especially the "*Cantiques de St. Sulpice*," possess very great merit, have succeeded in dislodging their old friends from their place by the winter fireside of the French peasant, or their hold upon his imagination and his heart. Their exceeding simplicity, their highly dramatic style, and their perfect adaptations in imagery, in allusions, and in illustrations, to the peasant life and the peasant character, have been their safeguard

through all the social, political, and religious revolutions which they have out-lived.

The *cantiques spirituels* described by M. Nisard are a series of religious ballads or romances, partly scriptural, partly legendary. Of the former class are the ancient drama or mystery of the Nativity, the Sacrifice of Abraham, Joseph and his Brethren, Judith and Holofernes, the Prodigal: of the latter, the legend of our Lady of Liesse, of St. Barbara, St. Eustache, Geneviève of Brabant, St. Alexis, St. Hubert, Patron of the chase, and several others.* Their chief common characteristic is extreme simplicity; and, although there is no great elevation, whether moral or intellectual, in any of them, they are, for the most part, marked by a purity and a fidelity to nature which, in healthful effect upon the feelings, may well be believed to outweigh far more brilliant and striking qualities.

The last branch of the hawkers' literature reviewed by M. Nisard comprises its Fiction; and we may include under the same head the lives of celebrated robbers, sharpers, adventurers, and other Newgate heroes, which he has placed in a different category. M. Nisard divides this important branch of hawkers' literature into two classes—the ancient and the modern. The former still maintains an almost undisputed popularity in some remote rural districts; the latter has driven out his predecessor among the ouvriers and grisettes of the towns and cities, and is fast creeping in among the younger portion even of the agricultural population of many of the departments.

It is true that many of the books sold by the *colporteurs*, and some of those not the least popular, are quite unobjectionable. For a long time the tales of Madame Cottin, authoress of the well-known "Exiles of Siberia," enjoyed almost a monopoly of the market; and more recently her popularity has been shared by two other lady-novelists, Mesdames D'Aulnoy and Daubenton. What-

* It may be well to say that these romances are by no means exclusively French in their origin. The very same romances—not only the same in substance, but often even identical in the very form—are found in Italian, in Spanish (where they form the great treasure-house from which Calderon de la Barca has drawn the material of his religious dramas), and, above all, in German. Every one of the above romances, and many more, may still be found in the German *Volks-bücher*, enumerated by Görres and others.

ever may be the defects of these writers as regards taste, their moral tone is not liable to serious criticism. It would have been well if the trade had confined itself to their works, or even to those of a still more prolific writer, Ducray-Duminil, whose novels fall but little short in number of those of Mr. James, and whose works in general, although not quite beyond exception as regards their moral tendency, are purity itself in comparison with the garbage of the later school of the fiction of the *colportage*.

But, although these works, and such as these, together with many of our own recognized favorites, "Robinson Crusoe," "Tele-machus," "Gil Blas," and the "Arabian Nights," have always maintained a steady circulation, it is equally certain that a similar, though more clandestine, popularity was enjoyed by such works as the "Decameron," the "Cent Nouvelles," the "Romans," of Voltaire, Rousseau's "Heloise," and "Confessions," Diderot's Tales, the more disgusting tales of Crebillon Fils, and others of more modern date, unknown in England even by name, but in principles and in coloring equally detestable. It is only necessary to cast an eye over the titles of the long series enumerated by M. Nisard in a note (vol. ii. pp. 579-581), in order to see how demoralizing must be the tendency, and how fatal the effect of such a literature.

M. Nisard, as we have already observed, maintains a careful reserve as to the remedial measures contemplated or adopted by the Commission du Colportage. We learn, however, from the lecture of Cardinal Wiseman, referred to in the beginning of this article, that its first measure, after the calling in of the books for examination, was to order fully three-fourths of the whole number to be at once withdrawn from circulation. We collect, too, from the author himself, that an attempt has been made, as yet seemingly without success, by the publishers in whose hands the *colportage* trade has hitherto been centered, to supply with approved and unobjectionable books the void thus suddenly created; and he appears to hold out something like a hope, that he may give us, in a future publication, an account of the new "Littérature du Colportage," which it is thus attempted to inaugurate. This, no doubt, is one of the great social problems of the age,

hardly, if at all, inferior in interest to that of primary education itself; because it involves the success of that self-education, which bears even more directly on the practical formation of the character of the individual, and the determination, for good or for evil, at the outset, of the moral principles which, whether unfelt or openly avowed, are destined to be his guide of action throughout life. It is plain that the arbitrary enactments of a government, or the remedial measures of a commission, can but reach the externals: they deal with the symptoms rather than with the disease. Nor can we venture to hope that any real progress has been made towards its eradication, until we shall have an opportunity of judging of the character of the new literature which it is proposed to substitute, and of its suitability for the true exigencies of so important a crisis.

Meanwhile the subject is one in which we ourselves have a concern far deeper and more practical than that arising from the mere literary or antiquarian considerations which it involves. Such a revelation from abroad should awaken our curiosity, or rather a far more earnest feeling, as to the condition of affairs at home. *Proximus ardet*. We have before us at this moment several narratives of witchcraft, charms, and singular superstitions, in various parts of England, which would furnish a practical commentary on the blackest pages of the *Grand Grimoire*. The English almanacs for the present year contain predictions just as detailed and announced with quite as sober an air, as those of the "Almanach Prophétique" itself.* And, as regards its corrupting and demoralizing tendencies, we fear that there are to be found publications in our literature for the poor which may not unsuccessfully dispute that "bad eminence" with the worst dregs of the *Littérature du*

Colportage.' Let any man read Mr. Mayhew's brief, but pregnant, notices of the "Coster-literature." Let him read of the sale *by millions** of the "gallows' literature" which is by far the most popular ware of our literary hawkers; of a single individual selling on a Saturday night two thousand such publications; of families clubbing their pence to indulge this diseased curiosity; of the groups of listeners assembled even in the remote villages by the scanty light of a fire and drinking in with eager ears the exciting narrative, which initiates them in the vices of great cities; and of the morbid attraction of these publications to the young of both sexes. The retailers of these publications are, as Lord Campbell forcibly observed in bringing forward his measure for the suppression of obscene literature, "moral poisoners": and we are satisfied that the Lord Chief Justice and M. Nisard have both done service to the interests of public morality in arming the law with additional power to crush these abuses.

On the other hand we are bound in fairness to say, that much has been done of late years in this country to bring excellent works of instruction and entertainment within reach of the middle and lower classes. The railway book-stall has established a place for literature by the side of the great improvement in modern locomotion; and its contents are by no means worthless or contemptible. In one way or in another the demand for literary amusement will be supplied to the people, and it is of vital importance that this supply should be drawn from pure waters, and not from that subterranean current which is tainted with the superstitions of the past and the vices of the present age.

* "To show the extent of the trade in 'execution broadsheets,' I obtained returns of the number of copies relating to the principal executions of late, which had been sold:—

Of Rush	2,500,000 copies.
" the Mannings	2,500,000 "
" Courvoisier	1,666,000 "
" Good	1,650,000 "
" Corder	1,650,000 "
" Greenacre	1,666,000 "

(*Mayhew's London Labor and the London Poor*, vol. i. p. 284.)

* "Raphael's Prophetic Messenger" is a literal transcript of the French Prophetic Almanacs. "Copestick's Prophetic and Commercial Almanac," with a less solemn pretentious display of science, is equally ludicrous in its guesses at the future. The death of the Emperor Nicholas made sad work in the predictions for 1856.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

FOX AT ST. ANNE'S HILL.*

WHEN in retreat he laid his thunders by,
For lettered ease and calm Philosophy,
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
Where still his god-like spirit deigns to rove;
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,
For many a deed, long done in secret there.
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed
page,
There, listening, sate the hero and the sage;
And they, by virtue and by blood allied,
Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he
died.

ROGERS.

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn.

TENNYSON.

A FOURTH volume now completes Lord John Russell's edition of "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." It comprises the three or four last years of the great Whig leader's life. Lord John has retrenched little of his correspondence with Lords Grey, Lauderdale, and Holland, and General Fitzpatrick, during the period that elapsed between his returning to active politics in 1804 and his coming into office in 1806. The volume also contains the official correspondence between Fox and Talleyrand relating to the negotiation of the latter year. To this the editor adds official letters concerned with that in 1782; the correspondence of Fox with Gilbert Wakefield, which has already been published; sixteen of his letters to his friend (and eventually secretary) Mr. Trotter, also previously made public; and about the same number to the Duke of Portland, ranging from the year 1782 to 1792. It closes with Lord Holland's well-known narrative of his uncle's last illness, extracted from "Memoirs of the Whig Party." The noble editor expresses his hope, in a postscript, to be able soon to execute in some degree the design which Lord Holland had formed, of giving a connected narrative of Mr. Fox's life, with extracts from his speeches. "Political employments still more absorbing than those of the late Lord Holland have hitherto prevented my doing more than publishing the collection made by Lord Holland and Mr. Allen, with such comments as I thought essential. . . . I shall endeavor,

* Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox. Edited by Lord John Russell. Vol. IV. Bentley. 1867.

in a separate form, to place in a connected narrative the relation of Mr. Fox's political career, and an account of his times. In that manner the great events of his life will be prominently set forth, and his public policy fully discussed." Lord John Russell does not, therefore, differ from the opinion of the public, that, these four volumes of Memorials notwithstanding, the Life and Times of Mr. Fox remain to be written. He accepts the opinion—and the task.

Among the political allusions in the letters now first published, the writer's dislike to Mr. Pitt and his cherished contempt for Mr. Addington, "The Doctor," are prominently put forth. It is curious to see Thomas Grenville, in January, 1804, insisting, in spite of Fox's demurs, on the probability of Pitt's returning to power, in case the Opposition succeeded in ousting the Doctor, and putting himself, Pitt, at the head of the existing Administration, or one like it: all which, as a foot-note intimates, to the credit of Mr. Grenville's sagacity, was exactly what happened. At the same time that Fox mistrusted the probability of any such stroke of business, he was forward in avowing his sorry estimate of his political rival. "My opinion is, that he [Pitt] is a man incapable of reposing thorough confidence in any friend." "My guess is that Pitt will support me in some [questions] and not in others, but he does not know always his own mind, and much less can his friends answer for him. His temper makes him more and more in Opposition, whatever his intentions may be."* "You [Lauderdale] think that the Court cannot now be forced; remember, all I have said is that there is a chance that it may; Pitt's utter incapacity to act like a man renders that chance much less than it would otherwise be."† "IF Pitt plays fair, we shall run him [Addington] very hard indeed on my motion. . . . I have not written my IF in great letters for nothing. . . . It is impossible not to suspect Pitt from his ways of proceeding, and yet his interest is so evident, that I think he will do right."‡ "I should write my *if* in rather smaller letters to-day,§ but there is still an *if* upon the subject of P." "He is not a man capable of acting fairly, and on a footing of equality with his equals."|| "I agree with almost all your speculations, except two:—

* March 25, 1804. (To Lord Lauderdale.)

† April 9. ‡ April 17. (To Hon. C. Grey.)

§ April 18.

|| April 19.

1st, the possibility of Pitt's showing any mercy to the Doctor, and 2ndly, in the danger of getting something worse than King Log. I do not think the Stork (which, by the way, is Pitt's crest) would be worse, for reasons which we may discuss when we meet.* "Pitt is in a strange situation, and I suspect that he feels that he is so. His friends will be more dissatisfied with him and his enemies fear him less every day."† And once more—Pitt being now in power again (for, as a foot-note states the matter, Lord Moira had persuaded the Prince to prefer Pitt as minister to Fox, though this was a secret kept from the latter, both by the Prince and Lord Moira)—"Few now will dispute Pitt's being a contemptible Minister. He certainly gained more in numbers by his junction with the Doctor than I thought he would, but his loss in reputation from that and other causes is incalculable."‡

The Doctor is more superciliously treated. "Even the milk-and-water Addington," is a phrase expressive of *ne plus ultra* insipidity, incapacity, imbecility. "It is difficult for anything to be too foolish for the Doctor." Pitt's ambiguous situation in the spring of 1804 is said to have this "good effect, that it makes him (the Doctor) more and more contemned every day; indeed the contempt, both with respect to the degree and universality of it, is beyond what was ever known." "The Doctor outdid his usual outdoings in his lie the other day on the subject of the Russian business;"§—a circumstance to which the following passage in the Grenville correspondence refers: "Tom asked me . . . what the Doctor's mysterious declaration, in answer to Fox's question, could possibly mean? It meant, as usual with the Doctor's mysteries, nothing at all, and the whole assertion was, as is no less usual with the Doctor's assertions, a lie."|| Even Addington's eventual discomfiture could not please, by the manner and results of it, his contemptuous overlooker. "The Doctor has chosen a bad time for his resignation. . . . His folly in this, as in everything else, is beyond all conception."¶ Nevertheless, "the Doctor's resignation may do great good, as furnishing

evidence of the impossibility of Pitt's going on with any set of Ministers who are not his own mere creatures and tools. If the Doctor will fall in with these views, I am sure I have no objection to coalescing with him,"*—any more than, a little while before, I, Charles Fox, *facile princeps* in the art and practice of Coalitions, had, or would have again, to coalesce with Pitt against the Doctor.

Poor Sheridan is very rarely mentioned in these letters, and then in no flattering sort. "I will not say anything of public affairs, but Sheridan has outdone his usual outdoings,"†—a pet phrase, apparently, with Mr. Fox, whether he is intimating the eccentricities of Richard Brinsley or the asserted mendacity of Lord Sidmouth. Again: "The Prince wished something to be done [*in re* the King's illness], and Moira would have supported us, but I am convinced Sheridan would not; indeed, in order to avoid being brought to the point, he strongly dissuaded our moving at that time, though I suspect he has since represented this matter somewhat differently at Carlton House."‡ "I defer the article 'Sheridan' till another letter, only he is as absurd as ever, to say no worse."|| A bitter passage in Lord Holland's Memoirs, though it "names no names," has but too manifest a destiny in its application: "There was, indeed, one subject relating to patronage on which he [Mr. Fox, on taking office in 1806] was extremely uneasy: he thought that till he had provided for *the person* whom I allude to, he had left undischarged a long arrear of obligations. *That person*, by very obtrusive and unreasonable conduct at the formation of the ministry, had embarrassed, irritated, and even exasperated him. But it was not easy, even by misconduct, to cancel a debt of gratitude in the mind of Mr. Fox, if he thought that he had ever contracted it. He was miserable till he could require the former zealous services of *this person*." Lord John Russell quotes the paragraph; but neither here nor elsewhere in the volume has he, as some at least of the Whig party could surely have wished, a word so say about, much less for, the brilliant Whig partisan, whose personality we have here ventured to italicise and identify, not without something of reluctance and regret.

Leaving politics and personal differences,

* April 27. † Dec. 12.

‡ March 19, 1805. (To Lord Holland.)

§ March 27.

|| Lord Grenville to Marquis of Buckingham, Jan. 5, 1804.

¶ July 6, 1805.

* July 7.

† March 25, 1804.

‡ August 12, 1803.

|| April 17.

let us now turn to Mr. Fox at St. Anne's Hill, letter-writing and letters-loving; Always with a glad and eager heart he turned his steps thitherward,

"And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town.

"O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark,
The landscape winking through the heat.

"O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !*—

that garden which grew the flowers he used to boast of to Lord Sidmouth—his geraniums especially, to the subject of which he could always return, as Mr. Plumer Ward says,† with soothed interest, amidst the most violent storms of party rage.

"Here I am perfectly happy," he writes to Lord Holland in 1794. "Idleness, fine weather, Ariosto, a little Spanish, and the constant company of a person whom I love, I think, more and more every day and every hour, make me as happy as I am capable of being, and much more so than I could hope to be if politics took a different turn." In 1795: "Indeed you are right, for I believe if ever there was a place that might be called the seat of true happiness, St. Anne's is that place." And again, in a letter defending the principle and practice of his secession from parliament: "I am perfectly happy in the country. I have quite resources enough to employ my mind; and the great resource of all, literature, I am fonder of every day; and then the Lady of the Hill is one continual source of happiness. I believe few men, indeed, ever were so happy in that respect as I." In this retreat Fox has been described as spending his days "like a philosopher;" rising, in summer, between six and seven; in winter, before eight; breakfasting about nine; after which he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and spent the interval till dinner in studying the Greek classics; dined between two and three in

* Tennyson: In Memoriam.

† "He had never been more furious than one day in haranguing in Palace-yard, on what was called the gagging bills. Half an hour afterwards he came to the house, reeking from the mob, and went up to the speaker, who expected some violent motion, to tell him how sorry he was that his geraniums (some cuttings of which he had promised him) had been blighted at St. Anne's-hill."—"Tremaine." Ch. 27, note.)

summer, and about four in the winter months; then, with a "refresher" in the form of wine and coffee, read aloud again, or wrote, till near ten at night. A light supper ensued, and thereupon—to bed, to bed, to bed. He systematically "kept up" his acquaintance with the classics—not after the stinted fashion of those who "keep up" their Greek by reading a chapter of the Greek Testament daily—but with the same cordial care and energy of good will which he cherished towards any other old friend. Moreover, for the sake of those old friends Latin and Greek, with whom early study had made him acquainted, and out of respect to such established cronies as Homer and Virgil, he desired, now that he had leisure, to form new acquaintances among the ranks of their less illustrious contemporaries or successors. We find him writing to Gilbert Wakefield: "If . . . you would advise me, in regard to the Greek poets in general (of the second and third order, I mean), which are best worth reading, and in what editions, you would do me a great service. . . . I wish to read some more, if not all of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend; especially as I take for granted that V. Flaccus (one of them) is, in some degree, an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him or Silius Italicus I never read any; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as during the greater part of my life the reading of the classics had been only an amusement and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been *multum potius quam multos legere*. Of late years, it is true that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language and its writers, so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read; and I find it a pleasure which grows upon me every day."

Even from his boyhood's days, however, Charles had shown a tolerably expansive taste in literature—threatening now and then to grow into absolute omnivoracity. At sixteen, for instance, we hear of him "studying very hard at Oxford," together with his col-

lege chum Dickson, afterwards Bishop of Down,—their relaxation consisting in reading together “all the early dramatic poets of England.” For this purpose the youngsters spent their evenings in the bookseller’s shop; “and I think I have heard Mr. Fox say,” his nephew remarks, “that there was no play extant, written and published before the Restoration, that he had not read attentively.” Italian was by far his favorite among foreign languages. At eighteen he was already an enthusiast in the study of it. In 1767 he bids Fitzpatrick “for God’s sake learn Italian as fast as you can, if it be only to read Ariosto. There is more good poetry in Italian than in all other languages that I understand put together. In prose, too, it is a very fine language. Make haste and read all these things, that you may be fit to talk to Christians.” It was in accordance with this taste that he so much preferred Spenser to Milton. As may be supposed he was a pronounced admirer of Racine, and impatient of what he accounted the twaddle of Racine’s detractors. Thus, in 1804, he writes in allusion to Godwin’s *Life of Chaucer*: “I observe that he takes an opportunity of showing his stupidity in not admiring Racine. It puts me quite in a passion, *je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille and Molière, vilipends Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it you may depend.” But Charles never *did* one day make one big book (“as Voltaire says”) against the depreciators of France’s *glorieux Jean*. Nor did he ever publish his edition of the works of England’s Glorious John. He contented himself with reading their works aloud to his friends, and, if Mr. Rogers, a tolerable judge in such a cause, be a trustworthy witness, increasing the admiration of his hearers for the authors thus recited, by the emphasis and discretion of his manner of reading them:

—Thee at St. Anne’s so soon of Care beguiled,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird’s nest on the
 spray,
Through the green leaves exploring, day by
 day.
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to
 seat,
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat

I saw the sun go down!—Ah, then ’twas
 thine

Ne’er to forget some volume half divine,
Shakspeare’s or Dryden’s—through the chequered shade

Borne in thy hand behind thee as we strayed;
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)

To read there with a fervor all thy own,
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,
Fit theme for long discourse—

With his years grew his appetite for the ancients, and for such of the moderns as modelled their form and style on that of the ancients—“to whose religion in matters of taste,” he writes in 1804, “I grow every day more and more bigoted.” Of Homer he says in 1795, “In short, the more I read the more I admire him. There are parts of Virgil (and among those too imitated from Homer) which I think fully equal to Homer, but then he has not in any degree approaching to his master that freedom of manner which I prize so much; and Milton, who has some passages as sublime as possible, is in this respect still more deficient, or rather he has no degree of it whatever. Ariosto has more of it than any other poet, even so as to vie in this particular merit with Homer himself, and possibly it may be that my excessive delight in him, is owing to my holding in higher estimation than others do, the merit of freedom and rapidity.” At this date he inclines to underrate the *Odyssey*, the inferiority of which to the *Iliad* he declares, after deliberate study, to be greater than he had imagined, “or than I believe is generally allowed.” Some ten years later, the *Odyssey* evidently gains ground, as the reader’s taste mellows and softens with time. From Cheltenham he writes in 1804: “I have no classical book here but the ‘*Odyssey*,’ which I delight in more and more.” The letters abound, first and last, with eulogies of his favorite fare. “You see I have never done with Homer,” he writes to his nephew in 1797; “and, indeed, if there was nothing else, except Virgil and Ariosto, one should never want reading.” In 1798: “I like Polybius exceedingly; by the way what a complete telegraph his was! I have been reading Orpheus’ ‘*Argonautics*,’ and think there are some very pretty passages in them. Is it known by whom they were written, or when? I think I have heard about Solon’s time. I have been reading, too, the *Æneid* attributed to Hesiod, which is

really a very fine poem, if you do not mind gross plagiarism from Homer. . . . How can you, who read Juvenal, talk of Demosthenes being difficult? difficult or not, you must read him," if only for purposes of Parliamentary debate. "I am reading Aristotle's 'Poetics,' and find a great deal very obscure, and some parts (if one dared say it) rather confused." "I am now [1799] reading Lucretius regularly; what a grand poet he is, where he is a poet! I shall not so easily leave him for letter-writing, as I did Aristotle's 'Poetics.'" "I think in parts of Lucian there is a great deal of eloquence as well as wit." "I have read 'Medea' again, and like it as well as before; I am clear it is the best of all the Greek tragedies upon the whole, though the choruses are not so poetical as in some others." "Hooke's Roman History, which I am reading to Mrs. A., has led me lately to neglect my Greek and read nothing but Cicero, whom I admire (I do not mean his *conduct* upon all occasions) more than ever; one cannot read him too much." "I have not finished the first book of Apollonius; some of it is very fine, some very prosaic, a dreadful fault with me; and there seems to be a general want of that spirit and enthusiasm which I rank so high among the beauties of poetry; but I cannot yet judge, perhaps, quite fairly. Pray read the eighteen or twenty lines from V. 540 or thereabouts,"—describing the departure of the ship *Argo* from the Pagasæan Gulf,—“they are grand as well as beautiful, and should, I think, exempt him from the charge [character ?] of equality and mediocrity given him by Quintilian and Longinus.”

In 1800, still to his nephew, the noble Young One, and now travelled thane: "I am very glad you are reading Euripides, but I had rather you had begun almost any other play than the *Hippolytus*. . . . The plot I think vile. . . . In short, of all of Euripides' plays, I think it the one the most below its reputation. . . . The *Cyclops*, in a style of its own, is very well worth reading. It is so Shakesperic. The worst of all, I think, is *Andromache*." "I have read but little of Apollonius since I wrote last, my opinion continues the same. He is a good poet, certainly, but, like Tasso, somehow he does not get hold of me right. However, there are passages both in Tasso and him, that are great exceptions to this. Pray read in the

first book, *Telamon's* and *Jason's* quarrel and reconciliation. . . . It is capital, and not, I think, taken from any former poet. I have not yet perceived that Virgil has taken much from him. . . . If Jason's adventure at Lemnos is the prototype of *Æneas* at Carthage, and *Dido* is taken from *Hypsipyle*, it is indeed a silk purse out of a sow's ear." "I am very glad you grow to find Greek so easy, and I think if you get deep into Euripides, you will grow to like as I do his very faults. . . . I suppose *Evander's* [*Æneid*, VIII.] relating his having had *Hercules* for his guest, and sending his son with *Æneas*, is taken from *Lycus*, in *Apollonius*, but it is so superior that *Apollonius* looks quite like the imitation. I admire Virgil more than ever, for his power of giving originality to his most exact imitations." "I have been reading *Lycophron*, and have been very much pleased, partly with him and partly with the innumerable stories which his scholiast *Tzetzes* gives for the purpose of explaining him." "I do not wonder you like the *Odyssey* better than ever; it is the most charming reading of all. . . . It is all delightful, and there is such variety, which I am afraid the *Iliad* cannot boast of." A pretty entire recantation, this, from Uncle Charles' profession of faith (previously quoted) in 1795. A long letter filled with minutiae of verbal criticism, which exemplifies the care and attention with which Mr. Fox studied his author, line upon line, and one winged word after another, closes with the avowal: "Well, here is Homer criticism enough; but it is a subject upon which I never tire." Another long letter in 1801, is occupied throughout with information, or conjecture, as the case may be, about the authorship of *Aristides* the Sophist, *Aboulfeda*, the dates of the *Exodus* and of the Trojan war and its blind old bard—the *Pyramids*, the library at *Alexandria*, and a comparison between *Lucretius* and *Virgil*. Sometimes to a miscellaneous epistle is appended a postscript on the *Odes* of *Horace*, and their relative beauties—or a political missive is interspersed with comments on *Juvenal* and his translators. Criticism was a game at which he liked to give and take, whether in table-talk or familiar correspondence; a brisk opponent at the game won his heart at once by taxing his head. "Rogers, the poet, has been here," he writes to Fitzpat-

rick, in 1803; "I like him very well, but he is too complaisant (a fault of the right side) to have so much critical conversation with him as I like. I do not know how it is, but criticism is always my rage at this [winter] time of the year." Upon literature in any of its sections, classical or current, from Herodotus to Cowper, from Homer's *Iliad* to Currie's Burns, he was always ready to express and glad to elicit an opinion. Freely he outpours his own preferences and indifference. "Dryden wants a certain degree of easy playfulness that belongs to Ariosto, Parnell is too grave, and Prior does not seem to me to have the knack (perhaps only because he did not try it) of mixing familiar and serious, though he does very well in each respectively." "I will read 'Griselda;' I do not remember it in Boccace, but it will be nearly a single instance if any of his stories are mended by the imitator. 'Minutolo,' which is one of La Fontaine's best tales, is very inferior to Boccace, and Dryden, with all his grand and beautiful versification in 'Sigismunda,' hardly comes up to the original." Pope's "early works are his best by far in my judgment, as well as yours. A detractor (as I have been very falsely accused of being) might say that having little genius he soon got *au bout de son Latin*, but there are other reasons. The chief of which appears to me to be that latterly (except in the case of Homer, and that is an exception also to our remark,) he chose subjects not only less adapted to poetry in general, but to his particular genius also, for with all his ostentation upon these matters, such as 'from words to things,' &c., I think he is as miserable a moralist and as faulty a reasoner as ever existed, and that all the merit of his satires consists in his poetry and his wit, of both which he had a good share. Add to this, that most of his early works, and among them his best, are translations and imitations. . . . The 'Rape of the Lock, beautiful as it is, consists very much of parodies which are certainly not of the highest order of the productions of genius, and all these seem to have been the species of poetry most adapted to his talents."

But here we must stay our hand. Agree we or not with the letter-writer's critical appreciations of Pope and Cowper, of Spenser

and Milton, of the Orlando, or the Jerusalem, or the Divine Comedy, or of

"—aught else great bards besides

In sage and solemn tunes have sung

Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,

Where more is meant than meets the ear,"—

at any rate the picture is a pleasant one of such a statesman becoming a genial embodiment, *totum atque rotundum*, of

"—retired Leisure

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

listening to the nightingales, how they sing and considering the lilies, how they grow, that toil not, neither do they spin; or pondering the sentences of Demosthenes and Cicero, the irony of Lucian, the speculations of Lucretius, and, above all, the never-palling lines of Homer, whether concerned with the siege of Troy or the Wanderings of Ulysses. In this aspect of the man, he is allowed to be winsome and engaging, even by political adversaries the most pronounced and protesting. "I'm afraid you did not like Mr. Fox," says Tremaine to Evelyn, when the two are disputing together as to the advantages and pleasures of retirement. "I liked Mr. Pitt's politics better," the rector replies; "but to say I did not like a man whose uncommon force of mind, added to the most amiable temper and cultivated taste, made him the admiration and delight of his friends, would imply a want of candor to which I cannot plead guilty. But why do you mention him?" "He *retired*," says Tremaine. "I doubt it," says Evelyn. The Man of Refinement rejoins, "And yet he was perfectly happy." "From the account of him, I believe so," the Doctor of Divinity continues: "but it was because I also think he did *not* retire, that I believe it." "You surely forget St. Anne's Hill?" "Not at all; but St. Anne's Hill was but twenty miles from town, and a debate called him whenever [query as to that] his party pleased." "You forget," says Tremaine, "Mr. Fox's novels and geraniums." "And you," answers Evelyn, "his great pursuit in Greek. Now a great pursuit is business; he therefore earned his novels and geraniums." Both of which he delighted in with an appetite unknown for the most part to systematic novel-readers and geranium-growers, who are that, and nothing greater, or nothing else.

* "Tremaine," vol. i. ch. xx.

From The Athenæum.

PHILIP FRANCIS AND POPE GANGANELLI IN 1772.

IN the Memoir of Sir Philip Francis which appeared in the *Mirror* in 1810, and which, there can be no doubt, was written either by Sir Philip himself or by Du Bois from information furnished by Sir Philip, it was stated that Francis passed the greater part of the year 1772 in travelling on the Continent; and that "during his residence at Rome, he went to Castle Gondolfo, where he was introduced to Pope Ganganeli, and had a curious conference with his holines of near two hours, the particulars of which are, it is said, preserved in a letter from him to the late Dr. Campbell, with whom he was very intimate."

When the great Junius-Francis controversy arose, this letter—a letter, be it observed, considered so important as to be worthy of especial mention thirty years after it was written—was a subject of some curiosity and interest. It was understood to be in the possession of the family; but anxious as Lady Francis and the family were to establish the claims of Sir Philip to be considered the writer of the Letters of Junius, no one, so far as we know, was ever able to get a sight of it. Mr. Barker, indeed, publicly stated in 1826 that he had tried and failed. It was, he argued, from "internal" evidence alone that Mr. Taylor had been led to his discovery, and yet the writings of Sir Philip with which the letters of Junius had been compared were not written till many years after; whereas "a sight of this letter, *written in the same year in which Junius ceased to write*, would afford some little criterion for judging of the style and the abilities of Sir Philip; and a much safer criterion than any of those published writings of Sir Philip, the earliest of which appeared several years after Junius had ceased to write."

At length we have it in our power to gratify public curiosity. Whether Lord Stanhope, or Lord Macaulay, or Lord Campbell, or any other of the Franciscans, will find in it "the manner, the phraseology, the sarcastic, exprobationary," and other the characteristics of Junius' writings,—characteristics so remarkable and unmistakable as to have enabled Dr. Good, by simply turning over the leaves of the *Public Advertiser*, to double the number of the acknowledged letters,—is more than we dare venture to

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conjecture. We, as our readers know, do not profess to have any great skill in such transcendental matters, and have, therefore, always confined ourselves to a simple examination of what was called evidence; but we will here say that, to us, this letter reads like a plain, sober, matter-of-fact narrative,—inferior to what we should have expected from Francis, to say nothing about Junius; but Francis, be it remembered, was but just emancipated from a life of mere ministerial drudgery. It was after this that he was first required to think and act on his own responsibility. We submit the letter to the judgment of the reader:

"Rome, 17th Oct. 1772.

"At last I have an opportunity of keeping the promise you were so kind as to exact from me when I left England. I have not been unmindful of my engagement, but I wished to perform it a little more to your satisfaction than by a detail of the ordinary occurrences of a journey or the common observations of travellers. You are not to be entertained with the rattling of French roads, the poverty of an Italian inn, or the velocity of postilions within a given time. As for pictures and statues, I have really seen so many that I remember nothing. In a very large mixed company, we seldom contract a lasting acquaintance. Neither would my advice be of much use to you, for I fancy at present you have no thought of travelling. But, my worthy friend, I have the pleasure of thinking I can meet you on your own ground upon your favorite topic:—a great and good prince who does honor to a throne. I know to whom this glorious character most eminently belongs; yet, trust me, there are princely virtues on both sides of the Alps. The present Roman pontiff is worthy of his station. He had no family connections; he had no private interest nor foreign protection; and, circumstanced as the affairs of the Holy See then were, it was impossible for him to have been Pope if he had not deserved it. Yet it is not his personal merit I admire so much as the ready concurrence of so many rivals to acknowledge and reward it. The success of his administration he piously attributes to the goodness of Providence. His modesty will not suffer him to insist upon the influence of second causes. As to matters of religion, I would not debate the point with him. In worldly affairs, I believe we may affirm that common men are not usually the instruments of wise counsels or of important events. At his accession to the pontificate he found the affairs of the Church in the utmost disorder—Portugal

totally alienated—France dissatisfied—Spain little less than hostile—and Naples actually in arms upon the frontier. Scarcely had he reigned a twelvemonth, when every one of these untoward appearances was reversed. I ask no other proof of the wisdom of his counsels. As to his personal deportment, I can affirm from experience that it corresponds with his public character, and contributes to adorn it. A great man preserves his dignity when he wishes to lay it aside, and discovers the force of his abilities while he seems to make no use of them. The bow is unbent, yet we may judge how far it carries. After seeing 'The Laocoon,' 'Meleager,' and 'Apollo,' the next thing to be seen was the Pope. We had heard that Englishmen were well received by him. His Holiness takes every opportunity of honoring them with the most distinguished marks of regard. This condescension, of course, encourages them to wait on him. His Holiness being in the country, it was necessary to send beforehand to know at what time we might be admitted to his presence. This part of the business was managed for us by the Abbe Grant, to whose friendship and politeness we are much indebted. An answer was quickly returned, that the Pope would be happy to receive us whenever we should do him that honor, for so he was pleased to express himself. The day before yesterday we accordingly set out for the Castle Gandolfo under the auspices of the Abbe. The master of the ceremonies happening to be out of the way, we were obliged to wait about twenty minutes in an ante-chamber, for which His Holiness condescended to make a multitude of excuses. The moment he knew we were arrived he ordered us to be admitted, and received us at the door of his chamber with an exclamation expressive both of his satisfaction and good will.

"I never saw a more venerable nor a more benevolent countenance, yet not unmixed with keenness and sagacity. Instead of permitting us to observe the usual ceremony of kissing his slipper, he insisted on our sitting down by him upon a little sofa,—a distinction which, we were assured, there never was an instance before; and our introducer was as much astonished as we were to find himself seated in the Pope's presence. In a moment, His Holiness began the conversation with the utmost familiarity and good humor; and, as it was my chance to sit very close to him, he frequently laid his arm upon my shoulder and called me "*Carissimo Figlio*." This and "*cari miei Signori*" was his constant address to us both. But whatever he said or did was accompanied with an ease and cheerfulness, that, without lessening the reverence due to so great a

person, banished all restraint. His discourse included a variety of topics; yet there was none upon which he seemed to dwell with greater pleasure than upon his esteem and affection for the British nation. I acknowledged how much we were obliged to him for his favorable opinion; but he insisted that we were only indebted to ourselves, that his regard for us was well known, and that he was pleased the world should take notice of it. That the Venetians having lately doubled the duty on English salt-fish, imported it second-hand from Civita Vecchia and Ancona; and having found themselves disappointed of the produce of that duty, had accused him of having formed a commercial treaty with Great Britain; and that, his Nuncio at Cologne having asked leave to visit England last summer *incognito*, it had been industriously reported that His Holiness had sent him thither upon some special commission. He laughed heartily at these reports, and wished they had been better founded. He assured us that, if he had been Pope in the time of Henry the Eighth, he would have prevented the separation of England from the Church;—that Clement the Seventh was a weak man, and duped by Charles the Fifth; and Wolsey a man of abilities, but blinded by his ambition. On his mentioning Portugal, I took the liberty of telling him that I was at Lisbon when Cardinal Ajaccioli was disgracefully dismissed, and that I had the honor of being known to the Marquis of Pombal. This circumstance seemed to lead His Holiness to enter very largely into the late reconciliation with that Court. His management of it undoubtedly does him honor. It was the first measure of his government, and the success of it has fully answered the rectitude and piety of his intentions. He said the instructions given to Cardinal Ajaccioli were certainly injudicious, and that the Cardinal's zeal in carrying them into execution was, in his opinion, rather to be commended than his discretion. That upon his accession to the Pontificate, his first object was to reconcile Portugal to the Holy See;—that he immediately appointed Monsignor Conti to be his Nuncio to the Court of Lisbon, and had given him no other instructions whatsoever but to carry with him '*Galateo*' (a book much esteemed here for the rules it contains of civility and politeness) and the Decalogue;—that his letter to the Marquis of Pombal was cordial and unaffected, reminding him of his former attachment to the interests of the Church when he was Minister at Vienna, and expressing a confidence in his piety and in his well-known zeal in the support of the Catholic religion;—that, if the King of Portugal wished for the nomination of a Cardinal, he

was ready to grant it;—and that, in short, he desired a reconciliation with the Court of Lisbon, on no other conditions but such as might best express his paternal tenderness and affection for his most faithful Majesty. ‘This language,’ said His Holiness, ‘came directly from my heart, and it pleased God to give it success.’ If I were to repeat to you the many just observations he made upon this event, as well as upon the means he constantly employed to maintain a good understanding and correspondence with the House of Bourbon, I should write a letter too long for an ambassador. As there was no formality, so there was no exact order in his discourse. The most serious parts of his conversation were mixed with expressions of personal kindness and attention to us, his humble audience. He spoke of the Duke of Gloucester with tenderness and regard, and seemed sensibly touched with the acknowledgement His Royal Highness had made him for the civilities he had received at Rome. He also mentioned a late declaration, but in the most moderate and guarded terms.

“From these subjects he descended to inquire how we passed our time at Naples and Rome: where we dined, and what was our plan of amusement for the day. We told him we had provided a dinner and meant to eat it at a Franciscan convent in the neighborhood. He was then pleased to conduct us through all the apartments of the Castle, opened all the casements himself and pointed out to us the most striking parts of the prospect. At parting he attended us to the outer door of his apartments, gave us his benediction, and said that being in the country he was sorry he had nothing to offer us by way of recordo, or token of remembrance. After a short walk we returned to the convent, and found he had sent us six flasks of Burgundy, and a large pasticcio from his own table. The good Franciscans omitted nothing in their power to show their hospitality, nor were they unwilling to drink long life to their Holy Father in his own wine—but this with moderation. Our obligations to His Holiness were not to end here. In going to Castello our axle-tree broke. We had it patched up, but it broke again within a hundred yards of the Castle. There was no remedy but to apply to the Pope’s Master of the Horse for a carriage to convey us to Rome. He asked His Holiness’s permission, and it was granted immediately with a readiness to which I should be far from doing justice if I only called it polite. This letter you may consider as an involuntary effusion of gratitude for favors great and unmerited. I expect that you will share with me the pleasure of this

day. It was a pleasure not only high in degree but of the purest sort, for it was untended with regret. Though not a convert to the doctrines of the Church, I am a proselyte to the Pope. Whoever has the honor of conversing with His Holiness will find that it is possible to be a Papist without being a Roman Catholic. To show you that I have not travelled over classic ground without improving my faculties, I send you an epigram of my own conception upon a marvellous antique lion in the Medici Palace. Modern lions are mere whelps to him. This, I take it, is a performance that would do no dishonor to the pen of Scriblerus. But, good or bad, I am sure you would forgive the poetry if you saw the subject of it. The presence of such an animal inspires nothing but fear.—

‘Ungue oculoque minax, oris horrendus hiatus
Imperia in Sylvis tristes solus habet,
Nunc Catuli fugiant, Conjux, fulvique Parentes,
Vix Domini Gressus ausertit umbra sequi.”

So far Philip Francis. We shall leave the Junius critics to comment on the “involuntary effusions of gratitude,” only observing that this superfine phrase was a favorite with Francis, who, thirty years after, as we learn from the Memoir, always spoke of his schoolmaster with an effusion of gratitude.” As to the “great and good prince who does honor to a throne”—the prince “to whom this glorious character most eminently belongs,” it has, or ought to have, very much of the “manner and phraseology” of a Francis. The *Athenæum* has ever held that it was not within the range of human weakness or baseness, for a Francis, either father or son, to have written with scorn, contempt, and hatred of the king; yet that scorn, contempt, and hatred are marking characteristics of Junius—Mackintosh thought them the marking characteristics. The King was the very breath of their life—the bread they ate came from his bounty. The Doctor, indeed, was a personal favorite with the King, and both father and son were prodigally favored and rewarded; though there is no mention of this in the Memoir. The Doctor, if we mistake not, had more than one Crown living; certainly, that of Barrow, in Suffolk. In 1762 he had a grant of a pension of £600 a year for thirty-one years on the Irish Fund. In 1763 his son Philip was raised at once from a junior clerk in the Secretary of State’s office, to be chief clerk

of the War Office. In 1764, the Doctor was appointed chaplain to Chelsea Hospital, an appointment which we have reason to believe he soon after sold for an annuity; and in the same year he had an additional grant of £300 a year from the King's Civil List! In 1771-2, Philip Francis had some difference with Lord Barrington, then Secretary at War, and resigned; but he was in 1773 recommended by that same Lord Barrington to a much better place—Member of the Council of Bengal. Barrington was not a man whose recommendation to a Prime Minister would have ensured the humblest appointment; he was not a leader of either of the great parties which then divided the nation; but he was the direct nominee of the King, and did his bidding; one of the King's friends as they were called, which, by acting in concert, carried to either side a majority, and ensured a triumph. Lord North accepted Barrington's recommendation, although, as Francis afterwards acknowledged, Lord North at that time had no "personal knowledge" of him whatever. We cannot doubt that the King "did it all"—that Barrington had orders to recommend and Lord North to accept the recommendation; and thus the form of the constitution was kept up. The King—as we now know from his letter to Lord North, June 8, 1773—had a high opinion of the ability of Philip Francis:—"I don't know the *personal qualifications* of others, *except Mr. Francis*, who is allowed to be a man of talents." There is reason to believe, that Francis, while in India, corresponded privately with Lord North or the King; certain that his letters were received by or submitted to the King who expressed his "fullest approbation" of his conduct; and it is said in "*The Memoir*" that, when Francis returned to England, "nobody would speak to him but the *King* and Edmund Burke." To us, therefore, this outburst of feeling about the "great and good prince" seems more characteristic of a Francis than a Junius.

We are indebted for the copy of this letter, and copies of four other letters from Francis, to his cousin, Lieut. Col. Turbutt Francis, to Mr. Francis Fisher, an American gentleman now in France. The letter itself is professedly a copy; and how it came into possession of the Francis family is not known

to us:—we are not sure that it is known to Mr. Fisher. We think it probable that it was forwarded by Philip Francis himself to one of his relations, a Tilghman, as there is a letter in existence, we believe, from a Tilghman, written from Philadelphia, wherein the writer expresses regret that he had not accompanied Francis in his late tour, of which Francis had sent him so pleasant an account from London; and this account may have inclosed a copy of the letter to Dr. Campbell, of which, or of the interview it records, Francis was evidently proud.

The four letters to Lieut. Col. Turbutt Francis, though not of great interest, contain facts, and evidences of feeling, which may startle the Franciscans. Thus, it appears that, in 1769, Francis bought a thousand acres of land in America. The letter from which we shall make our extract is dated "War Office, 7th June, 1769."—"A thousand thanks for the trouble you have taken about the land. I hope by this time you have made me a proprietor of at least a thousand acres. Whatever you think proper to do for me, I shall gladly ratify. This land, for aught I know, may be an inheritance for my children, whereof the number does not diminish."

The following is from a letter dated "War Office, 3rd July, 1771":—"If Mackrabie has done his duty, you will not think hardly of me for not being a better correspondent to you. Believe me, I am truly sensible of your great kindness to me in the affair of the lands, and wish it had been possible for me to have profited by your great project. It is not impossible that, some time or other, I may go among you and cultivate the thousand acres with my own hands. Before I proceed to business, let me congratulate you, as I do very heartily, upon the fortunate change of your condition. Ere long, *I hope you will be the father of some future defender of the rights of America*. I intreat you to present my best compliments to my new cousin."—We should like to know how the "hope" in this letter is made to agree with the "hope" of Junius, and his notion of the "duty" of the Americans,—how this hope and the "*rights of America*," and the "Empire" of a subsequent letter, are to be reconciled with the "vain pernicious ideas of independence," with the declaration, repeated

and enforced, that rather than "suffer" the colonies "to erect themselves into independent states," "everything must be hazarded." But there are the three octavo volumes to suggest questions.

Another letter, written just after his appointment as Member of the Council, we shall give entire.

"London, 17th July, 1773.

"My dear friend,—You are bound to continue to serve me by the services you have already done me. I have no other claim upon your good offices. As Lord of Ingress and Macedon, I beg of you to do whatever you think proper with my estate, for I am determined to keep a little freehold in America. At present I am bound to the Ganges, but who knows whether I may not end my days on the banks of the Ohio? It gives me great comfort to reflect that I have relations who are honest fellows in almost every part of the world. In America the name of Francis flourishes. I shall write to you again, and send you a formal power of attorney before I leave England. In the mean time you will oblige me much by sending me an impression and heraldical description of our Francis arms, and as soon as possible. Macrabie is well, and proposes to bear me company. We often remember you over our cups, and shall continue in the same practice on the other side of the globe. People here mind no more going to India now than they did formerly to Bath. I wish with all my heart there were a turnpike-road from this to Calcutta, and post-chaises at every stage. I sicken at the thought of a six months' voyage, but honor and profit spur me on. Shall we not meet hereafter, my honest fellow? I don't like to think of the quantity of salt water that lies between us. If it were claret I would drink my way to America. Seriously I intend to be very jolly, and laugh at Tilghman's great wig and your wooden leg, for I suppose you'll have lost a limb at least in the service of your country. Make me known, I pray you, to your spouse. I hear she is a Phoenix, and I hope you make a good husband. My wife and children present their humble duty. Farewell.

Wherever I am, I shall be your hearty and affectionate friend,
P. FRANCIS."

"To Lieut.-Col. Francis, Philadelphia."

The meaning of "Lord of Ingress" we do not understand. Ingress was one of Calcraft's houses, which he had just left to his last mistress, a Mrs. Elizabeth Bride. Francis had married what was called a "connexion" of Calcraft's, and Calcraft left Mrs. Francis a conditional annuity, and to Francis £1,000. Macrabie, who did accompany him to India, was his wife's brother, with whom, Mr. Impey says, he had "an illicit participation" in "salt and opium contracts."

The last letter is dated "Madeira, 29th April, 1774."

"In consequence of your kind permission, I sent you, by honest Ned Tilghman, a power of attorney to cut down my wood, turn my rivers, and change all my pasture into arable. In order to have two irons in the fire, it is very proper that a man should not only collect a considerable quantity of chattels on the banks of the Ganges, but that he should have a landed estate in constant improvement in the heart of North America. By the time I return from the East I suppose your wicked country will be the seat of empire. In that case I shall assuredly settle among you, for I always loved to be at the fountain head."

Chief Justice Tilghman, of Philadelphia, married a daughter of Tench Francis, a first cousin of Francis. Major Scott said in a debate in the House of Commons (March 22, 1787), that Tilghman got 25,000 rupees for his share of a contract granted as a favor by Hastings to Tilghman as Francis' relation.

Minute circumstances are sometimes important evidence; it may be well, therefore, to note that every one of these letters is fully and properly dated, as might have been expected from a man trained in a public office; whereas of about sixty-three letters from Junius to Woodfall only three are dated, and one of the three is wrong dated by a whole year.

FANNY FERN ON HUSBANDS.—A lady having remarked that "awe is the most delicious feeling a wife can have towards a husband," Fanny Fern thus comments:

"Awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirts you have put 'in the wash,' whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has

been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on proboscis, scratching his chin; whom you have buttered, and sugared, and teased; whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

From The Athenæum.

A BRIDAL PROCESSION.

GIBBON remarks, that the love-passages of Royal ladies must necessarily be without delicacy, seeing that they are almost invariably obliged to make the first advances. We doubt if the assertion is universally applicable. It suited the times which the great historian was illustrating, but it has seldom been applicable to the English Princesses. Some of these, indeed, were formidable enough; but they found their masters not so much in their husbands as in the people. The latter buried alive the too lively Cartismunda; and if they respected the bold heart of Boadicea, they must have had a good deal to say touching her evil ways.

Of the marriages of most of our Saxon Princesses little is known save the record of the fact. There was the "wedding," or betrothal, and the subsequent marriage. In the latter ceremony there were some solemn prayers, but there was no actual contract. It was not till the reign of Henry the First that the "groom" was taught by the priest to say, "I take thee, M., to be my wedded wife;" and the bride, in like sense, "I take thee, N., to be my wedded husband." Royal, noble, gentle and simple, were constrained to follow the same form of words.

Some time elapsed subsequent to the Conquest before a Princess of England was married on English ground; and even then the ceremony had very much the air of an Irish abduction case. None of the daughters of William the First can be called *English* Princesses. They were all Norman born.

It is not till the reign of Henry the First that we meet with a Princess born on English soil, and descended from the Saxons by her mother. We allude to Matilda. She was but seven years old when an army of German nobles came hither to ask her hand for the Emperor Henry the Fifth. Her sire was hard put to it to fit out this little lass with a dowry, but the happy and natural thought struck him that it would be most seemly, and certainly most convenient, to compel the patient public to furnish the "*tocher*." Accordingly, the enormous tax of 3s. was levied on every hide of land throughout the kingdom! Since the establishment of that admirable precedent, it has been the privilege of the people to provide portions for the daughters of Royalty. Mary, second

daughter of Stephen, was the first English Princess since the Conquest who was married in England. When Henry the Second was on the throne, the "Lady Mary" was abbess of the solemn sisterhood at Romsey, in England. She was also Countess of Boulogne, but her estate, like her person, belonged to the Church; and this circumstance rather perplexed for a while the mind of a lover, William of Alsace, who was favored by the king, and not ill thought of by the lady. Matthew fancied, if he could secularize the Princess, her property would fall into the same condition. Thereupon he took with him fourteen stout gentlemen-at-arms, crossed the Channel, sent herald of his coming to the lady—nothing loth—married her, and carried her away; while the cavaliers stood by to keep off intruders. It was a merry ride back to the coast by moonlight, and there was a boisterous passage over to Boulogne afterwards; but all was well again, when the joyous party shook their feathers and smoothed their silks, as they stood on the territory of the Boulonnais. Such was the run-a-way match of the first Princess Royal married on English ground.

It ended badly. There was no wonderful image in Boulogne that would work a miracle so long as the wedded couple continued together and held their property. At the end of three years the Church disunited them, drove Matthew abroad as a wanderer, clapped the Princess into a convent, and assumed the guardianship of her two daughters, with the stewardship of their property.

The first really *lawful* marriage of a Princess Royal, was that of Joanna, the daughter of King John who married Alexander the Second of Scotland. The ceremony took place at York; whither the royal bridegroom was too poor to proceed at his own expense, and his journey to York and back to Scotland was paid for out of the English treasury. There were English nobles appointed to escort Alexander, but so unpopular was the honor of waiting on a needy bridegroom, that some of the nobles avoided it by paying a fine—of bulls and sheep, which probably helped to furnish forth the marriage tables.

Isabella, John's second daughter, was refused as a fitting bride for Henry, King of Germany, by his father the Emperor, Frederick the Second, who subsequently asked for her hand himself. The Imperial German

sent over a splendid embassy, whose first request was that they might have a look at the lady! This request was not declined. Isabella was then at the Tower, whence, after donning her most brilliant costume, she repaired to Westminster. She was not only an unusually pretty girl, with especially sparkling eyes, but she was so self-possessed, and she so well knew how to maintain her self-dignity, that the envoys were subdued by love and admiration. The chief ambassador enthusiastically pronounced her "worthy," and placing a ring on her finger, did homage to her as Empress. Isabella, in return, sent a ring to her future lord; and when she repaired to Worms, to be married, she took with her such a mighty load of clothing, and furniture, and dishes and pots, and pans (all silvered), and light knick-knacks, and heavy boxes, that merely to catalogue them would demand a *Supplement* at our hands. Four kings stood by to present her to her lord, and money was scattered at the wedding festivities as if every man had a plethora of wealth, and that to bleed freely was at once a benefit and a luxury. The gorgeousness of this marriage offers a strong contrast to the private ceremony at Portsmouth, which bound Isabella's sister Eleanora to William Earl of Pembroke. At this ceremony, the "groom" was less willing than the bride. When the widowed Princess Eleanora subsequently married (privately, at Westminster) the irresistible Simon de Montfort, the bride, who would fain have been a nun, was less willing than the "groom." It was a miserable match, and the misery was chiefly caused by the guilty levity of the lady, who had she taken the veil would have been the liveliest nun that the world ever heard of except at Farmoutier.

The reign of Henry the Third presents us with another royal marriage at York, between an English princess and a Scottish king—Margaret of Windsor and Alexander the Third. There were some curious incidents connected with this political union. The English and Scotch nobles who attended as officials or guests, were quartered in two opposite divisions of the city, in order to prevent bloody collisions between them. This arrangement was only partially successful, for when these nobles or their servants encountered in the streets, very sanguinary quarrels arose, at which stones, sticks and

swords were more active than argument. The antagonism between the two parties rose to so dangerous a height that the wedding of Margaret and Alexander was cleverly celebrated in a snug way so early in the morning, that the ceremony was concluded before half the riotous nobles were out of their beds. Alexander, too, was as "canny" as his predecessor and namesake who had stood at the same place to espouse an English princess. The King of England dubbed him a knight, but no persuasion or remonstrance could induce "King Sandy" to pay the usual fee! He was quite as obstinate in declining to pay any homage to Henry that might sacrifice his own independence. Henry had splendidly endowed his daughter, had bound himself to defray all the bridegroom's expenses during the whole of his absence from his kingdom, had entertained him with unparalleled splendor, feasting him at a cost of death to edible beasts, as well as to caterers and cooks who expired at their labors: and had sunk, and had squandered thousands upon thousands of pounds of our present value,—but nothing could move the Scot, save the lovely eyes of his gentle lady, and even these could not open his pocket. Margaret's sister Beatrice married John, Earl of Bretagne; but let us pass to the first real love-match of a Princess Royal,—namely, that of Eleanora, the eldest daughter of Edward the First, with Henry Duke of Bar. The Duke was a visitor to the English king, and during a sojourn here of some months learned to appreciate and win the Princess Eleanora. The lover paid his own expenses, and endowed his bride with territories which made her the wealthiest of duchesses. The wedding took place at Bristol, in 1293; and as the Lord Primate was absent, and His Grace of York was out of favor, the Archbishop of Dublin had the honor of uniting this princely pair of lovers. The festival held in celebration of the marriage, at Bar, in presence of the illustrious couple, ended, however, fatally. The old Duke of Brabant, stimulated by the beauty of the bride, and eager to win the crown of victory from her hands, fought in the lists with such earnestness, that something like a real combat ensued, and he received such injuries from his adversary, Sir Pierre de Baufremont, that he soon after died.

It may here be noticed that at these nuptials things did not always go as merry as the marriage bells. Thus, when the lively Joanna, another of Edward's daughters, married Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, the bride has, indeed, a splendid wardrobe provided for her by the gallant bridegroom, but her unmarried sisters wore old robes, to repair which the court tailors spent nine weary days, and as the vivacious Joanna herself happened to displease her royal parent, they took her new dresses away from her after the ceremony was over, observing that they would do for her next sister Margaret. At the ceremony the modest sum of 28s., no great *largesse*, even if we multiply it by twenty to get its equivalent in modern coin, was scattered among the people for a general scramble. We are afraid, too, that matters did not pass so pleasantly as would have been desired in the temporary hall erected at Westminster for the marriage banquet. We are sorry to say it, but some of the guests got uproariously drunk, and Foulk St. Edmonds was so much more tipsy and riotous than the rest that he actually smashed several of the tables, and we hope, had a splitting headache next morning.

Joanna was the lady who, when she lost her lord, married privately with one of his young and handsome squires, Rauf de Mehermer. Her father's wrath was terrific, but the irresistible Princess at last pacified him by the remark, that as it was not held disgraceful for a great Earl to marry an honest yet lowly-born maiden, she could not see why she was to be blamed for wedding with a gallant and worthy youth. And so this humble squire became the son-in-law of the King of England, who, powerful as he was, was as helpless here as any other father having a wilful daughter.

The Princess Margaret, named above, married John of Brabant, a gentleman who was more of a sportsman than a lover. They were united at Westminster in July 1290; the bride had half Golconda on her person, and the bridegroom changed his dress not less than three times, and each change, as with equestrians in the circle, exhibited him more splendid than before. When the ceremony was over, hundreds of the nobility of both sexes traversed the streets of London singing the chorus of rejoicing; and there

seems to have been a very decent attempt at an illumination at the palace, the brilliancy of which may be vouched for from the fact that four boys had been engaged a whole fortnight in collecting candles for the occasion!

It was a very ordinary circumstance for most of these royal brides to have many successive lovers before they could secure a man honest or prudent enough to keep his word. Few of them, in this respect, equalled Isabella, the eldest daughter of Edward the Third, who after being half tied to, and wholly untied from, various Continental princes, submitted to be wife, at last, to the handsome Ingram de Covey, one of the hostages in England for the ransom of the French King, John. We have said *submitted*,—but, in truth, this was a match of affections, founded on pretty love-passages between the two, at the palace in the Savoy and elsewhere. They were married at Windsor, in July, 1365; and the wedding was gay and costly; but the English chroniclers rather contemptuously described the bridegroom as a certain nobleman from beyond sea, who was usually called De Covey, but whose other name, if he had any, was entirely unknown to them!

Joanna, the second daughter of Edward the Third, affords another illustration of the little delicacy with which nuptial arrangements were made at this period. She was on her way to espouse the son of the Duke of Austria; but she returned, on an intelligible intimation that courteous "Austria" had changed his mind. Subsequently, she went as far as Bordeaux, awaiting there the good will of Peter the Cruel, to whom she was affianced; but, as the plague smote and killed her near that city, she may be said to have had a lucky escape.

The married daughters of Edward the Fourth experienced very different destinies. The marriage of the eldest, Elizabeth, with the Earl of Richmond, Henry the Seventh, united the "Two Roses." The anxiety of both parties for this union was very great. Henry himself had been grievously alarmed by a hostile report that the Princess (heiress to the Crown) was already married; and when the Parliament, on the Speaker recommending this match to him, universally rose and bowed to him, in sign that such was

their wish also, the new King replied with ready alacrity, that he was "Very willing so to do." This was also a January wedding.

It was solemnized at Westminster in 1486; and the festival amusements consisted of tournaments, masses, dances, and bonfires, rejoicing choruses, and tremendous banquets throughout London. Henry the Seventh could not procure Royal husbands for his wife's sisters, and he accordingly united them with noble gentlemen. The Princess Cecilia, indeed, united *herself*, and that priorly, to Viscount Wells, who had been smitten by her beauty, but who, when received at Court, occupied a place at table inferior in dignity to that of his wife. She lost nothing by not meeting with a Prince; and she loved private life so well, that when Lord Wells died, after a dozen years of wedlock, in 1498, Cecilia, only a few months subsequently, took for her liege lord one Thomas Kyme, a man so utterly unknown to those magnificent personages, the heralds, that he is supposed to have been a very low fellow indeed. Thomas was not acknowledged at Court, but "Cicily" lived with him in such comfort as small means could procure, about four years. This was one of the lowest matches ever contracted by a Royal Princess of England.

Henry's daughter, Margaret, found in James the Fourth of Scotland a husband who considered himself equal in rank with her sire. The marriage of this Princess Royal did not take place in England; but the betrothal was celebrated at Richmond, 1502. We now find something resembling the dramatic masque among the festivities of the occasion; and poetry and song shared with mountebanks, as noble jousts did with less noble tumblers, in doing honor to the celebrations. A weary journey took the youthful Princess to Holyrood, where she was formally wedded to her manly husband. It was then the custom for a Scottish king to make a morrowing gift to his bride, and James did this nobly, for on the morning after the nuptials he presented to his wife the title-deeds of the lands of Kilmarnock. The bride was as merry as the groom was liberal; and the familiarity established is witnessed by the fact, that thus early she, and even her ladies, began clipping the king's beard,—an amusement which was considered an excellent joke by the whole party. The above royal marriage was celebrated between

8 and 9 in the morning,—and this has been considered as a very matutinal hour. But some years later, and in the same month, August, Mary Stuart, in widow's weeds, stood at the same altar, with "that long lad," Lord Darnley, and their nuptials were all over between 5 and 6 o'clock—long before breakfast-time.

The most romantic of all the marriages of our Princesses was perhaps that of Mary, the next daughter of Henry the Seventh. She was the lady of many suitors, loving herself but one, and he a subject of her brother, Henry the Eighth. A king won her and wedded her, Louis the Twelfth of France,—and yet she married the subject, her true lover, after all. She was sent across the sea to her royal husband; and with an escort of 2,000 archers of Henry's body-guard, a bevy of very pale knights and paler ladies, was cast ashore, about three leagues to the east of Boulogne, where there still stands a hut which is said to have been the temporary palace of "Madame Mary, pearl of England." There was a wild sort of Court held on the sands, and some gay doings, at which one Mistress Anne Boleyn was among the most lively performers. Then there was a gayer *cortège* to Abbeville, where Louis the Twelfth espoused Madame Mary, to whom the city made substantial presents of oxen, sheep, corn, and *vin ordinaire*. In a few months the Queen was a widow, and then speedily ensued that private marriage with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk,—which, being an accomplished fact, the king was fain to sanction. The Princess kept house in the Borough; and the dust of a wife, who was happier with a duke than with a king, lies within the splendid ruins at Bury St. Edmunds.

We pass by the marriage of Queen Mary Tudor with Philip the Second at Winchester, to notice that of "a Princess" of England,—namely, Elizabeth, daughter of James the First to Frederick, Count Palatine, afterwards the "Winter King" of Bohemia. The most singular incident connected with the performance of this marriage was, that it was regularly asked by the publication of banns in the Chapel Royal! The nuptials were celebrated in February 1613. So pure and brilliant looked the bride and her twelve maids, that their passage, it was said, "looked like a Milky Way." The expenses of this gorgeously celebrated marriage cost the

country nearly £100,000, nearly £8,000 was expended in fireworks alone, on the Thames. The lords and ladies about Court got up a masque, at their own charge, and, says Winwood, "I hear there is order given for £1,500 to provide one upon the King's cost." A gigantic outlay for a miserable result!

In May 1614, occurred the last of what may be called the child-marriages, when Mary, daughter of Charles the First, then in her tenth year, was married, in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, to William, afterwards second Prince of Orange. There was a bevy of very little bridesmaids, all in cloth of silver, and Bishop Wren blessed the happy union! The bridegroom was only eleven. The wedding festivity had much the aspect of a good romping "children's party"; and when King, Queen, and Court escorted the children to their respective rooms, there were few more weary than the little hero and heroine of the day.

After a lapse of six-and-thirty years, another Mary, daughter of the Duke of York (James the Second), was married to another and a greater William of Orange, the son of the couple last mentioned. This was in November 1677. The lady is said to have been unwilling; and Charles the Second had no greater delight than in making the grave Dutch lover drunk, and inducing him to break the windows of the maids of honor! The incident worth remarking on this occasion is, that the ceremony of marriage took place in the bed-chamber of the Princess at nine o'clock at night. Charles the Second acted as "father," and kept the whole assembly in ecstasy or wonder at the excess of his joviality and his loud irreverence. He interrupted the Bishop, and talked jokingly to the bride, answered more than was set down for him as "father," and finally, after supper was over, speeches made, posset drunk, and cake broken, the merry and tipsy monarch drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and a halloo such as Squire Western might have given of "St. George for England!"

The same joyous "father" gave away the Princess Anne to George of Denmark in July 1683. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal, at St. James', and was splendid and tolerably decorous. The people were not forgotten on this occasion. Wine, conduit-shows and diversions were provided

for them gratis, and the church bells clanged from every steeple throughout the entire night.

The first marriage in England of a Princess of the Georgian era occurred just half a century after the marriage last recorded. In March 1733 the Prince of Orange, whom Queen Caroline called an "animal," and George the Second a "baboon," was espoused to the Princess Anne, "in the French Chapel," St. James. The groom was hideously ugly, and the bride was marked by the small-pox. The ceremony took place in the evening. At midnight there was a public supper, and at two in the morning the unromantic couple sat up in bed, in rich undresses, while the Court and nobility, as a chronicler remarks, "fresh from an exhilarating supper and strong wines, defiled before them making pleasant remarks the while, as fair gentlemen used to make who were born in our Augustan age." As similar observances marked the other Royal marriages of such children of George the Second as entered into the happy state, a simple record of the fact to mark the tone of the times will suffice.

This custom, which had grown out of the solemn pageant which used to take bride and bridegroom to their thresholds and there leave them with honest blessings and good wishes, was omitted at the wedding of George the Third with Queen Charlotte. But even on that occasion the bride, who had been travelling all day, had to sup in public, and could hardly hold up that remarkably plain face of hers, when two in the morning struck, and she was permitted to retire.

Soon afterwards, when the Duke of Brunswick married the Princess Augusta—a very beggarly wedding,—was followed by a right royal supper at Leicester House; and never since that time have kings, queens, and such like august personages assembled to hold high festival in "Lincoln Fields." On this occasion, however, dramatic festivities marked the event; and with our usual happy felicity, the bridegroom was entertained at Covent Garden with a comedy bearing the remarkably appropriate title, "He's nobody's enemy but his own!" At the opera, the crowd was so great that ladies got out of their sedans in Piccadilly,—and powdered beaux going before them and imitating the knights of

old, as far as in them lay, drew their bodkins and threatened to cut a way for the ladies to the doors of their boxes.

The then daughter of George the Third, who entered into the marriage state, died childless. The eldest, Charlotte, the Princess Royal, was rather unwillingly given, in 1797, to the Prince of Wurtemberg, the mysterious death of whose first wife, the sister of Caroline of Brunswick, caused him to be looked upon as a sort of modern Blue Beard. The bride was dowered, not with an annuity, but with a portion of £80,000. Neither feudal law nor statute granted this dowry, but the will of the people through their representatives in Parliament. In like manner the public purse was opened when the Princess Mary married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester. But, when, two years later, the Princess Elizabeth was in very ripe years, united to the Prince of Hesse Homberg, the Ministers acknowledged that her previous settlement of £9,000 a-year was sufficient; and unscrupulous as they had been in asking the Commons for money, they had not the face, in this instance, to apply for an especial dowry; and with not much more ceremony than became an ordinary lady and gentleman, the match, on which the public looked with indifference was concluded.

There remains but one more marriage to be noticed, that of the daughter of George the Fourth, the Princess Charlotte of Wales,

who was married at Carlton House, late on a May evening, in 1816, to Prince Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. The whole ceremony, save that it did not take place in a consecrated building, was as dignified and refined as could be desired. The bride's waist, indeed, was just under her arms, and the "groom" had a livery sort of look, in his knee-breeches,—but fashion saved them from the ridiculous look which they wear in the pictures of the time. The Prince looked about him with his usual inquiring glance, as if to see what people thought of him. The bride was in high spirits, showed her foot, as she was wont to do, and, as one who heard her, informs us, gave out a charmingly distinct "Yes, I will," in answer to the all-important query of the ceremony, which raised a smile on the faces of all around. Was it not singular, that at one of her earliest visits to the theatre the managers could think of no daintier after-dish to set before her than "Tom Thumb"? She very properly left the house before it was concluded.

The last word reminds us of a duty we, too, have to perform, to conclude this record, tracing nuptial ceremonies, before our readers imitate the Princess of Wales. We do so with the sincere wish that the next Royal bride who may leave the Chapel Royal, supported by her princely husband, may possess, in its utmost fulness, the sole or the crowning happiness which a wife is permitted to enjoy—love, in her married state.

WE welcome a laborious work on the *History of Babylon and Assyria** even though it proceeds from one whose name is as little loved in England as is that of Marcus von Niebuhr. *Fus est et ab hoste doceri.* We will learn even from Dr. Stahl himself. Herr von Niebuhr's chief object in emulating the learned labors of his father, seems to be to collect and harmonize all that historians have told us about Babylon and Assyria from the days of Pul downwards. Some time must elapse before the study of the inscriptions which have of late years attracted so much attention, is sufficiently advanced to enable us to collate the information therefrom, derived with what we know from other sources. It is very desirable that, in the meantime, we should try to make the authorities which we have give no uncertain sound. If Herr von Niebuhr shall be pronounced to have done this by the very few who are able to judge of such a

* M. v. Niebuhr: *Geschichte Assurs und Babels*. Berlin: W. Hertz. London: Williams and Norgate.

work, he will deserve the gratitude of all students of history.—*Saturday Review*.

WE have just seen, for the first time, Westermann's *Illustrirte Monats-hefte*,† a periodical which is now entering on the second year of its existence. Its conductors have spared no pains to make it popular, and try to include the whole circle of intellectual life in its 120 monthly pages. The first part contains poetry and stories; the second, science and natural history; the third, art and belles lettres; the fourth, reviews; the fifth, political economy and industrial science; the sixth, sketches of travel in distant countries. The illustrations, the type, and the paper are good, and the price is moderate. We wish all success to this German child of *Chambers's Journal*.—*Saturday Review*.

† Westermann's *Illustrirte Deutsche Monats-hefte für das gesammte geistige Leben der Gegenwart*. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Williams and Norgate.

From The Correspondence of The Athenæum.
THE EARTHQUAKE.

Naples, Jan. 4th.

THE phenomena which preceded and have followed the disastrous earthquake which has struck such a panic throughout this kingdom, have a remarkable and a separate interest from that of the afflicting details of the suffering occasioned by it, as many things occurred to show that before the event there was great subterraneous agitation going on. Similar indications of existing agitation now continually manifest themselves. That Vesuvius has been in a state of chronic eruption for nearly two years, and the wells at Resina for the last few months nearly dried up, I have already noted; that the kingdom has been in this interval, in various parts, alarmed by minor shocks of earthquake, may not be so generally known, but such is the fact, and to those signs of impending danger the Official Journal of the 30th of December adds the following: "The Syndic of Salandro (one of the communes which has suffered much from the recent scourge) reports that for nearly a month at about two miles distance from the town a gas has been observed to issue from a watercourse—the temperature of it was about that of the sun. A few days since, too, from another similar fosse, the same kind of gas issued. These exhalations were observed only in the morning, however; during the rest of the day they were not perceptible. On the 22nd of December, they ceased altogether, and there was an expectation that hot mineral springs would burst forth from that spot." The Official Journal of the 2nd of January relates another remarkable fact. In the territory of Bella, about two miles from the town, the earthquake on the night of the 16th of December levelled the neighboring hills, rolled the earth over and over, and formed deep valleys. Half-an-hour before the shock, a light as that of the moon was seen to hover over the whole country, and a fetid exhalation like sulphur was perceived. On the morning following the shocks, which were accompanied by loud rumblings, a large piece of land, full 600 moggia, (a moggia is something less than an acre) and at about the same distance from the town, was found encircled by a trench of from ten to twenty palms in depth, and the same in width. A letter from Vallo, now lying before me, and

written much in detail, speaks of "those two terrible shocks," and of the innumerable minor shocks which have continued from the 16th of December up to the present time—the letter being written on the 29th of December. "A few minutes before the first shock," adds the writer, "a hissing sound was heard in the river, as if vast masses of stones were being brought down by a torrent. It is to be noted, too, that all the dogs in the neighborhood howled immediately before the first awful shock. From the evening of the 16th, we have been in the country dragging on life, without sleeping, in the midst of consternation and alarm. My poor babe, all dressed, sleeps in its cradle, whilst we watch round a fire in the court-yard, ready to fly on the moment, should it be the will of God to send us other stray shocks. Were such a misfortune to happen, the Vallo and the entire district would be destroyed, so ruined already are our houses. All the population here are under tents and in the open country. I cannot express to you the grief which I feel at the disasters which I witness, and which appear to multiply from day to day. Our lives are now more precarious than ever. Yet Vallo was comparatively untouched. Let us visit some of the ruined places at the centre of the disaster;—and I will speak in the words of a gentleman who has just returned: "I found the country seamed with fissures, which had at first been wide, but which gradually closed. The ground was heaving during the whole time of my visit to Polla. Once a beautifully situated township, with 7,000 souls, it is now half in ruins, and the survivors were sitting or walking about, telling us of their misery, and lamenting more that there were no hands to take out the dead or rescue the living. Two country people were groping amongst the stones of a building; one found a body, and throwing a stone towards the face called the attention of the other. 'That perhaps is some relation of yours,' but the body was not recognized. I tried to get food at a *trattoria*, the only house standing, at the corner of a street; but the proprietor, who was by our side, repulsed me, and refused to go in, saying that the moon had just entered the quarter, and we should have another earthquake. In most of these places, as in Naples, the deep, heavy rumblings which preceded and accompanied the earth-

quake have been much dwelt on." On the night of the 26th of December, the little town of Sasso, near Castelabbate, consisting of one long street, was separated in two by the sudden opening of a fissure through its entire length, each side remaining separated from the other by a considerable interval—and so it stands. On the 28th and 29th of December, both in Sala and Potenza, strong shocks were felt, followed by many others of a less intense character, and these still continue. The consequences will be that even those houses which were only cracked will give way, and those which were feeble will be reduced to ruins.

In Naples, too, the shocks continue producing vibrations of the doors and windows; and in one instance, I have heard ringing of the bells. The common report is, that since the 16th of December we have had eighty-four shocks in the capital. It is not at all improbable if every vibration is counted as one, and if the great subterraneous agitation which is now going on, be taken into account. Every one looks really with anxiety to Vesuvius, and prays, not from curiosity only, for an eruption. The indications of so desirable a result seem to be on the increase. A person who resides at Resina says, that on the night of the 29th, from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. of the 30th ult., the whole town was in a state of continual vibration. Every three minutes a sound was heard as of a person attempting to wrench the doors and windows out of their places followed by a quiver. The next morning the mountain was observed to vomit forth much smoke and a cloud of ashes. Friends, too, who reside at Capo di Marte, near the city, speak of the deep thunders which they hear from the mountain in the stillness of the night. The same phenomena are observed at Torre del Greco. I must also advert to the manifest lowness of the sea, which seems to-day to have receded from the land. I noticed this fact in my last letter, and tried to explain it as consequent upon the neap tides; but the same thing continues; and unless it has been occasioned by the long continuation of a land wind, the conclusion is inevitable that there has been an upheaving of soil. It would be rash, however, to come speedily to so important a decision. How this state of things will terminate, it is impossible to say; but

that some great change is pending, there is but too much reason for supposing.

I have not dwelt so much as I might have done on the incidents of the earthquake,—on the effect of the panic on the public health,—the illnesses and the deaths which have ensued,—nor on the painful scenes which are described by every one flying from the place. Some were heard to groan beneath the ruins several days after the disaster, and there was no prompt assistance for their rescue; for the inhabitants had either fled in fear, or were so enfeebled by hunger and despair, that they could make but inadequate efforts. Some, too, were dug out alive after six, seven, and eight days of burial. Others were found, it is said, to have eaten portions of their own arms. The sufferings, too, of those who were saved, exceeded perhaps those of persons who were killed. One man describes himself as waking with the violence of the shock, and finding first the head of his bed rising as high as might have been the ceiling, and then the foot of the bed. Another says,—“I huddled my family together under the doorway of a room, and watched, during the night, the walls and timbers of the floors falling around me.” Another, a Swiss, just escaped from his house, on turning round to look for his daughters, saw them being buried under the ruins of his falling dwelling. Four places have been almost entirely swallowed up. More than one hundred townships and environs have been either reduced to ruins, or more or less injured. Some English gentlemen who have just returned from the scene of disaster give the following interesting though harrowing details:—“Before arriving at Pertosa, we found the houses on either side of the road thrown to the ground; the landlord of a tavern now abandoned told us that he had the good fortune to escape with his wife, but that his child and servant had been both killed. He himself bore the marks of a heavy blow on his face. The population of this place was about 3,000, and 143 bodies only had been dug out on the 1st of January; whilst 200 more were known to be missing. The whole town was destroyed, with the exception of six houses, which were in a falling state. Between Pertosa and Polla the strength and caprice of the earthquake were made manifest in a

remarkable way. Crossing a deep ravine, we found the road on the opposite side carried off 200 feet distant from its former position: the mountain above it had been cleft in two, revealing to a great depth the limestone caverns in the bowels of the earth. The ground was seamed with fissures; and we could put our arms into them up to the shoulders. Polla has a population of 7,000 persons:—1,000 had fallen victims, of whom 567 had been dug up and buried; the work of disinterment was continuing slowly, but the stench here and elsewhere, from the bodies, was insufferable. Three shocks of an earthquake were felt on this day, January 1. The first was very early in the morning; the second about half-past 12. When we were standing on the ruins of a church, the ground began to heave under our feet and the sub-

terraneous thunders to roll. We immediately fled from the spot, but were nearly overwhelmed as the wall of a bell-tower fell close upon our heels, and a leaning house, in an inclining state, came down within 20 feet of us. The frightened people immediately formed a procession, and headed by the priests, bearing the crucifix and an image of the Madonna, lashed themselves with ropes as they walked. On leaving the town, we rested on the wall of a bridge just outside, where some priests begged us to rise, saying we were in danger, for the ground was continually trembling. Whilst sitting there, we felt the third shock, and required no other hint." At the last moment, I add, from official documents, that upwards of 30,000 are returned as dead, and 250,000 living in the open air.

We have to announce another important addition to geographical knowledge from the pen of a German. Herr Mollhausen, the son of a Prussian officer, is just about to publish, by subscription, a magnificent work, in which he describes his journey from the Mississippi to the shores of the Pacific.* The cost of the book will be about £2 10s., a large price for Germany; but if we may trust the promises of the prospectus, it will be a *Prachtwerk* of the first rank. The prospectus contains a long and curiously characteristic preface by Alexander von Humboldt, in which he speaks of the author in the very highest terms. This preface, which is, we need hardly say, exceedingly interesting, contains a hint that Columbus had not improbably heard of the gold of California. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting one essentially Humboldtian passage:

"At the present day, when great projects for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are occupying the attention of so many, it is pleasant to think of the first small beginnings of our knowledge of the Pacific, of what Columbus knew about it, when he lay upon his deathbed. The great man, half forgotten by his contemporaries, as I have shown elsewhere, died at Valladolid, on the 20th of May 1506, fully persuaded (as was also Amerigo Vespucci, up to his death, at Seville, on the 22nd of Feb-

* *Prospect Tagebuch Einer Reise von Mississippi nach den Küsten der Südsee von Balduin Möllhausen.* Nebst einem Vorwort von Alexander von Humboldt. Leipzig; Mendelssohn. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

ruary, 1522) that he had discovered only the shore of the Asiatic continent, not a new world."—*Saturday Review*.

THE interest which has been excited in this country by the *Deutsche Theologie*,† may lead some persons to the study of a work on the German Mystics of the fourteenth century, which is now appearing at Leipzig. It is impossible as yet to form an opinion as to how far it may be adapted for English readers, for only one volume has been published, and that contains merely the remains of Meister Eckhart, printed in old German, and without any historical elucidations. These the editor promises in another volume. He certainly piques our curiosity, for he speaks of Eckhart, as one of the deepest thinkers of all time, and quotes an old saying concerning him:

"Diz ist Meister Eckhart.

Dem Got nie niht verbarc."

His remains consist of sermons, treatises, sayings, and a series of theological and philosophical "guesses at truth," which are collected together under the title *Liber Positionum*. The editor has employed eighteen years in hunting out, amongst all the libraries of central Europe, from Einsiedeln to Breslau and Berlin, these fragments of Eckhart. A very large portion of them has never appeared in print.—*Saturday Review*.

* *Deutsche Mystiker des Vierzehnten Jahrhunderts*, herausgegeben von Franz Pfeiffer. Zweiter Band. Leipzig: Göschen. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

A LAY OF LUCKNOW.

ASLEEP!—amid the awful thunder
That speaks of coming doom,
While swarming hosts of fiendish foes
Round Lucknow's fortress loom.
Worn out by toil and suffering—
Death closing darkly round—
The daughters of the island-race
Lay on the hard, cold ground.
The Englishwoman's troubled rest
Is broken fitfully;
But hushed in motionless repose,
The head upon her knee,
A Scottish woman pillowed there,
Dreams of the far-off home,
Where her old father from the plough
At eventide will come.
What sudden sound 'mid that wild roar
The charmed vision breaks,
As springing from her kindly couch,
The highland woman wakes?
The Scottish ear—the Scottish heart
'Mid that stern din of war,
Hears the shrill Highland bagpipe speak—
The slogan sound afar:

"We're saved! I hear Macgregor's peal,
Aye foremost in the fray—
Oh, Highland hearts and hands are true;
We're saved this blessed day!"
She stands amid the hero band
Who wage the hopeless strife,
The harbinger of coming aid,
Of rescued love and life.

They listen!—but that distant sound
Reaches no Saxon ear;
For them no Highland pibroch tells
That Scotland's aid is near.
Again the voice of war sends forth
Defiance stern and high;
Despairing, though undaunted still,
Are England's chivalry.

Once more that cry: "The Campbells come!
We're saved!"—They pause again.
O blessed Heaven! she speaketh sooth!
They hear the bagpipe's strain.
High 'mid the roar of deadly strife
The Highland music swells;
And of the God-sent aid at hand,
The mountain slogan tells.

Down—as one man the leaguered force
Fall lowly on their knees,
And tears, and prayers, and bursting sighs
Float on the eastern breeze.
Full—fuller—swells the changing strain,
Borne through the rending line
Of conquered foes—*They* hear it now!
The sound of "*Auld Lang Syne*."

Oh! blessed be His holy name
Who, in our direst need,
Can thus, through swarthy myriads,
Our faithful comrades lead.
Yet even with the memory
Of mercy all divine,

Will come a ling'ring echo, too,
Of Scotland's "*Auld Lang Syne*."
—*Chambers's Journal*.

L. V.

LITTLE NOBODY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHEN the tempest flies
O'er the cloudy skies,
And from crag to crag the frantic thunders ride;
When the lightning stroke
Has destroyed the oak,
Safely down below the little violets hide.
In the strife appalling,
When the proud are falling,
Little men can rest, or watch unheeded by;
Blow, ye storms of Fate,
On the rich and great,
I'm but little Nobody—Nobody am I.

Pebbles on the shore
Dread no billows' roar,
But the mighty ships, deep-laden in the hold,
With a thousand men,
Steering home again,
Founder oftentimes with all their men and gold.
Feathers fall but slowly,
And the poor and lowly
Fall and are unhurt—while greatness falls to
die;
Kings may wake to weep,
While their ploughmen sleep:
Who would be a Somebody?—Nobody am I.

"Make me to go in the path of Thy command-
ments."—PSALM cxix.

WHEN from that path Thou hast appointed me,
I wander, hedge my way about, good Lord,
So that, perforce, I must return to Thee;
Where snares and dangers be,
There plant Thine angel and avenging sword.

When to Thy throne my imperfect prayers as-
cend,
Dear Lord, consider well what I entreat;
Judge my unwise complaint, and condescend
To make it good; so winnowing chaff from
wheat,

That only what is meet
For fruit again in answer shall descend.

When 'twixt two paths I halt, nor know the
way,
O, leave not me to guess—Thyself decide!
Be Thy controlling hand my guide, my stay;
Suffer me not to stray,
Rather compel me closer to Thy side.

When blind and faint, against Thy strength I
fling
Thus, my consummate weakness; putting
trust
In Thy sure Word, thus to Thy footstool cling;
Hearken, my God, my King!
Regard my prayer, low breathed from out the
dust.

—*The Churchman*.

EDITH MAY

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec., 1846.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English Language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. •

J. Q. ADAMS.

This work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Westminster*, *North British*, *British Quarterly*, *New Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Christian Remembrancer*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the learned and sedate *Saturday Review*, the studious and practical *Economist*, the keen tory *Press*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's* and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*, and *Dickens'* *Household Words*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

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